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Thou art my friend in an uncrowned queen.

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The Queenly Mother

In the Realm of Home

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Author of "Fairest Girlhood," etc.

With Drawings by

GRISELDA MARSHALL MCCLURE

In her fair kingdom royally she stands
Life's richest gifts within her gentle hands.

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N the midst of life's turmoil and confusion there is a little island safe and sweet, a haven of calm weather beyond the surge and the tempest, and that island we have christened by the tender name of Home. Here true hearts dwell in deep contentment; husbands and wives fare onward from youth to age; children play; the school-bell rings; boys and girls go forward to maturity; there are commonplace joys and sacred sorrows, and the whole round of human interests progresses in a circle that has no ending.

Beyond this Island of Home there are wars and tumults, revolutions and revolts, accidents and calamities, and the stir of passing events that fills the daily press with clamour and makes the super-

ficial observer fancy that the world is growing worse. Yet this clamour cannot touch the brooding serenity of the core of the home. Countless as the stars in the sky, as the sands on the shore, is the multitude of happy homes of which no record is made outside loving groups of kindred and friends. In these pleasant places goes on day by day the simple routine of duty that sounds no trumpet before it. Between waking and sleeping, fathers toil for the children's bread, and mothers gather the children close and warm in the enfolding of the wing and the shelter of the nest.

Life is not exempt from trial even in the home, and there is never a sun that has not its accompanying shadow. The common task is the province of all earnest souls. But in the daily round there is room for expansion and for that which makes life's finest flower of nobility for faithful love.

The chapters that compose this book deal with themes that appeal chiefly to the wife and mother, although they touch on various phases of the domestic question, and have their message for men as urgently as for women. The author has always been reluctant to regard the interests of the sexes as separate or hostile, and she has no ideal either of home or society in which men and

women do not move together as equals and comrades. Neither man nor woman can make a real home alone, and the trivial round of daily life is as important in its bearings on success and its consummations of comfort in one home as in another. It matters not whether the home be stately or simple, great or small, so long as the people in it are living honest and beautiful lives, so long as they see life steadily, and see it whole.

To guard the privacy of home, to keep its atmosphere tranquil, to make it a type of heaven, what more can any of us do?

The world is not growing worse. The world is growing better.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



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THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD

When Christmas comes.
In field and street, in mart and farm
The world takes on a lovelier charm ;
Sweet-scented boughs of pine and fir
Are brought like frankincense and myrrh,
To make our hallowed places meet
For hands that clasp and tones that greet,
While hearts worth more than gold or gem,
Go forth to find their Bethlehem,
When Christmas comes.



IN the fullness of time, centuries ago, the Love of Heaven came down to earth and was incarnate in the form of a little Child. Jesus was born in Bethlehem, born in a stable and laid in a manger. The great seething world beyond Judea went on as usual and

cared nothing for the strange drama that was enacted, when the angels sang, the shepherds knelt and the wise men from the East brought their gifts to the little One in Mary's arms. But that morning in Bethlehem began a new era. That was the dawning of the kingdom of the Child.

In that kingdom happy people have lived ever since, and are living to-day. Once a year we celebrate the birthday of the Child Divine. In the twentieth century, since Christ's birth, it would seem as though the kingdom had made only a slow advance, but a thousand years with Jehovah are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. At this hour there is scarcely a spot on the round globe where hearts are not swayed by the sceptre of the Child. In the far east, in the far south, in the far west, in the uttermost north, there are homes serene and blessed beneath the sceptre of the Son of God, who is forevermore the Son of Man.

What is our joy in the kingdom of the Child to-day? How is it translated in simple lives and unpretentious homes, as annually Christmas comes with its abundant mirth and good will! Let us enter into the enchanted realm that bears over the gateway the legend of Christmas Eve. What shall we find?

A frosty tingle in the air ! People hurrying to and fro as if their very lives depended on finishing their errands ! A general feeling that something pleasant is going to happen ! Everybody good-humoured and jovial, and children so happy that their little cups of bliss are full to the brim and running over ! What does it mean ? You and I know the answer, the grandparents know it, the fathers and mothers, the shopkeepers, the eager bustling crowds, the little ones running about, getting under-foot and in the way. Everybody, old and young, knows the answer. Christmas is coming ! Christmas is almost here. It is Christmas eve.

A good old saint, some call him Santa Claus and some Kriss Kringle, is traditionally the patron of this day. There are folk who do not believe in him, dare to discount his worth, and even shatter the faith of the little children in the brave old friend who emerges from a fabled region of snow and ice, with a heart of fire and hands overflowing with gifts for parents and children. The trouble is that we have lost the fine ear that can hear grass growing in the spring, sap stirring in the trees, and in winter can be assured of the faint tinkle of fairy bells, and the prancing of little hoofs over our heads. The trouble is maybe that we are as blind as moles

and have never caught a glimpse of the good saint's kindly eyes.

This is an age in which we are so dull-witted and prosaic, so material and literal, that we have lost that sixth sense of imagination which once made people free of the magic realm where trolls, elves, fays and fairies dwelt, and where anything beautiful might take place on any day, because the child-heart had not yet been lost by grown men and women. Only the little children on Christmas eve enter into the perfect meaning and ecstatic gladness of the Christmas-tide, for the reason that in them faith and fancy yet linger. Foolishly, and in the interests of a miscalled truth, some of us do our best to clip the wings of childhood and rob it of its poetry. It is as if we would brush the gold from a butterfly's pinion and steal the perfume from a rose. Just so long as a child may walk into Christmas eve by the beautiful door of dream-land, just so long as over Christmas day hangs that enchantment, mysterious and fascinating, that belongs to fairy-lore, is the child the most envied and enviable of the human race. The period is brief at the best. The things we deem realities soon enough ruthlessly sweep away the soft tissues and shining draperies that make the child's world a palace of the gods.

Two thrilling Christmas moments fill the home with rapture and set the children on tiptoe in a flutter of enthusiasm and excitement. One is the moment when the stockings are hung in a row beside the hearth. They must not be too close together, lest Santa Claus be inconvenienced. It were a great pity to abandon the homely custom of hanging the stockings beside the hearth. They should be of various shapes and sizes, symbolic as they hang in a row, of the family itself that is incomplete unless it include every age from grandparents to the reigning baby. A number of gifts fit into the stocking from heel to toe, and the overflow may find accommodation where it will in the room that holds fast its mysterious secrets between midnight and early morn. I think the watching angels must take great delight in Christmas eve, and perhaps they sing once more in soft tones the anthem that woke the echoes over Bethlehem. The whole story of home life is epitomized on Christmas eve. The presents tell the story. Nobody is forgotten. The small boy, the little maid, the infant in the cradle, the young girl blushing in the joy of her betrothal, the young man beginning business, the old people who have borne the burden and the heat, all are included and remembered on Christmas eve, when Christmas stockings are filled.

Children enjoy Christmas because the Christmas spirit in its simplicity and spontaneity is at the back of their giving and receiving. Part of the home's most earnest effort should be spent on teaching children the dear delight of giving pleasure. The element of calculation does not mar the gifts that children make. We sometimes read between the lines that older people discriminate among friends, even to the point of expecting something in return for what they bestow, of value equal to the present's cost. This is in direct violation of the Christmas spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Children should be encouraged to practice little self-denials that they may be able on Christmas eve to share with Santa Claus the royal largess of generosity. If they have their own pocket-money, or if the little fingers have been trained to use the needle, the brush or the tool of any sort, they may manufacture their gifts, and kindred and friends will prize them more than if they had merely been purchased in a department-shop.

Glowing with its starry tapers, lighted and gleaming, the Christmas-tree is a beautiful accompaniment of the time. In the Fatherland every home from the emperor's palace to the forester's cabin has its green tree garlanded with iridescent

balls, and hanging thick with gifts for the dear ones.

I remember once going the day after Christmas to visit a friend who had been ill for many weeks. She was a German maiden, and in her home they clung to the traditions they had brought with them across the sea. Too weak to raise her hand, but not too weak to smile, she lay, her golden hair in two long braids falling on either side of her wasted face. Her eyes were very bright, and as I sat down beside her she glanced in the direction of a little stand close to her bed. On it there was a miniature tree, the prettiest I ever saw, and she told me that on Christmas eve its every tiny taper had twinkled to her a promise that she would soon be well. The tree itself and the small table had borne for her every device and dainty gift that the loved ones could bring to cheer the weary days of convalescence.

The Christmas-tree belongs not merely to the home, but as well to the church and the Sunday-school. Thousands of children who have very little Christmas cheer in their tenement homes, children whose life is hard and who early have to work beyond their strength, look forward to Christmas eve and the Christmas-tree with a longing they cannot put into words.

There are mothers who never fail to dress a half-dozen dolls for their own darlings. Do they dress one for a mission school or a settlement, or the daughter of a poor Italian labourer, or for the little coloured girl whose mother takes in washing? These children should not be left out when Christmas comes to waken anew a spirit of love and helpfulness that makes us realize that the human family belongs to a common brotherhood.

Some time ago, some of us were reminded that there would be Christmas-trees in the Philippines, in China, in Korea, or in our own frontier lands on the Pacific Coast. If we were impressed to good purpose, we selected picture books, toys, small garments, dolls, whatever we could think of that childhood regards as precious, and we packed our boxes and sent them as freight by railroad and steamship for the little brown children, yellow children and red children who have the child-heart as our own little ones have. The hue of the skin matters nothing. Childhood around the globe has the same delight in the Christmas-tree.

While the earth abides there will always be lonely hearts whose loneliness is increased by the general good-fellowship of Christmas-tide. Sorrow has a way of lifting the latch and coming, an unbidden guest, at one time or other, into every life.

One day all is brightness, the next the world is dark. Among those who are keeping Christmas this year are many who have to rise above the personal grief in their determination not to cloud the sunshine of others. How may they best succeed? By the old-fashioned way that leads heroic feet over rough roads and shows at every turn a shrine where one may stop and worship. The shrine is not visible to all travellers; from some it is hidden, but those who stop there to pray behold within it a cross, and they wreath the cross with flowers. They are lonely themselves, but they do not inflict their sadness on their friends. They invite children to visit them, they carry comfort and cheer to the aged and the infirm. Although their own lives seem shorn of blessing they take pains to be blessed in their ministry.

When the song has gone out of a life one may walk to the measure of a psalm. Christmas will bring gladness to the loneliest heart if the heart set open the door for the angels to enter with their message of peace and good-will.

“When the gray year plods down
Towards the end of the hill,
Where the white little town
Lies asleep, wonder-still,
Then he mends his dull pace,

For a ray, streaming far,
Strikes a gleam on his face
From the Inn of the Star.

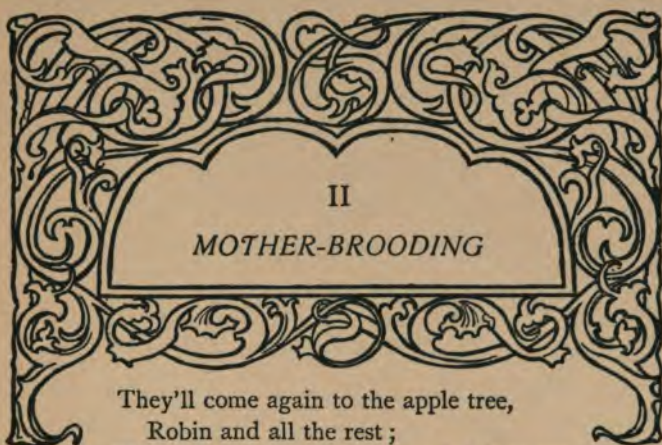
“Then the staff is set by,
And the shoon from his feet,
And the burden let lie,
And he sitteth at meat;
Old jests round the board,
Old songs round the blaze,
While the faint bells accord
Like the souls of old days.

“In the sweet bed of peace
He shall sleep for a night,
And faith, like a fleece,
Lap him kindly and light;
Then the wind, crooning wild,
Mystic music shall seem,
And the brow of the Child
Be a light through his dream.

“And we, too, follow down
The long slope of the hill.
See, the little white Town,
Where it shines, wonder-still;
Be our hopes quenched or bright,
Be our griefs what they are,
We shall sojourn a night
At the Inn of the Star.”



Heaven itself is 'round the mother,
As she holds her little child,
Not an earthly love so hallowed,
Strong, unselfish, undefiled.



II

MOTHER-BROODING

They'll come again to the apple tree,
Robin and all the rest ;
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms drest ;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.



A NATURALIST who lived near my home in Northern New Jersey, and whose chief pleasure was derived from a study of the seasons in their everchanging phases, told me that our neighbourhood was in the migratory path of the birds in the spring and the autumn. He had counted not less than fifty-one varieties of birds that paused or stayed around our homes in the sweetness of the spring. Near my house, in a field, stands an old apple tree, the last survivor of what was once a thrifty orchard. The apples it bears are small and gnarled, although every

spring it puts forth a brave show of exquisite blossoms. But its charm to me is in the shelter it gives to successive families of birds returning year by year to weave their nests among the branches and carry on their loving tasks of caring for the fledglings, feeding them, teaching them to fly and singing the while as though life were one glad dream of praise. Birds work hard for their living. They are encompassed by a thousand alarms, a thousand perils. Yet father-bird and mother-bird share in the ceaseless vigilance, the dauntless patience, the subtle zest, the triumphant joy of bringing up a family. The mother-bird in her nest is a type of the human mother in her nursery. The mother-bird cuddles her babies beneath her breast. The human mother holds hers close to her throbbing heart. Night falls and birds and babies alike are safe in the guardianship of the nest.

In the household thrice blessed are the little ones who are folded safe under the hovering, brooding and protecting wing of the mother. Mother-love makes light of self-denial, cares nought for sacrifice, is infinitely tender to the very end. If there happen to be in the circle a child that is feeble, crippled or ill, unduly sensitive, less able than the rest to bear the brunt of the world, that child receives most of the mother-brooding.

The little ones cling to the mother,
With kisses that softly fall
But somehow the troublesome baby
Is nearest her heart of all, —
Ill and fretful and small,
But dearest to mother of all.

The neighbours wonder and pity,
Hearing its querulous cry.
“She is losing her youth and beauty,”
Say friends as they pass her by :
“Well were the babe to die,
And the mother have rest,” they sigh.

But over the wee white cradle,
Her soft eyes full of prayer,
Bendeth the weary mother ;
And never was face so fair,
Pale, and tired with care, —
But the glory of love is there !

Rosy and round and dimpled,
Dewy with childish sleep,
She tucks in her other darlings,
Whom angels watch and keep.
Ah, if a darker angel
Anear this treasure creep !

Bless thee, beautiful mother !
Thy heart hath a place for all, —
Room for the joys and the sorrows,
However fast they fall ;
Room for the baby small,
That may love thee better than all.

One morning I received a letter from an unknown friend in a distant state. The letter was brave and simple, womanly and strong, a message straight from the heart of a little mother who surely had plenty to do and who seemed to know very well how to do it. The letter ran like this :

"We live on a farm deep in the country, but we have a church within two miles, though we do not have preaching every Sunday. We have Sunday-school, and prayer meeting once a week, and a Christmas-tree every year. I must tell you about my children. We have five boys and six girls. Laddie, the big brother, was fifteen in December. The baby is six months old, so you see it has been very hard for me. I must tell you how I get along with my work. We have a maid who has worked for us nine years ; she is like one of the family. I do all my own sewing, for it costs as much to get anything made as the cloth is worth. The children and I take care of the garden and chickens. Seven of the children go to school ; they go at eight o'clock and get back at five ; each one carries his or her dinner pail. I have to comb four curly heads. Our oldest girl combs her own now. She was fourteen in February. We have a graded school, so you see I do not get much help while they go to school, but I am willing to do all

I can if they only grow up to be good men and women, who will love God and fear Him."

From that little home, with its mother-brooding, from the little schoolhouse to which the children daily troop with their dinner pails, are coming men and women to take a share in the world's work.

No little courage, tact and discretion, and certainly no little measure of health and vitality are the imperative needs of the mother whose eleven children have been given her in fifteen years. "To bear, to nurse, to rear," have been for her the portion of the day's work. To manage the children, sew for them, mend their garments, send them to school daily, with their dinner pails and a kiss, pray beside their beds at night, love them, train them to be virtuous and God-fearing, what a task this mother has had! How tranquilly she has accepted the trivial round of daily duty is evident in every line of her letter, a letter that thrilled me like a strain of martial music.

Fun and freedom are the advantages inherited by those curly heads. The eleven children help in bringing one another up. What might be hardships in a luxurious environment where the ordinary American family of two or three children is started on the road, are merely incidental pleasures in this farmstead of the west. The large family

means labour and self-denial while the children are little, but it also means good times at home, and a great deal of satisfaction when the boys and girls are grown.

In order to be entirely fair one must admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of the small family, too. The mother of one or two children can do more for them, spend more money, can lavish upon them more personal care, and deal with them at closer touch than if her efforts were spread over a great number. I have in mind a mother to whom was given an only child, a son. From the hour of his birth he was her first consideration, and never during his childhood was he suffered to be out of her sight or beyond the vigilance of some member of the family. "No hired hands," she said proudly, "ever cared for him in infancy, and his father and myself took all the charge of him while he was growing up." The boy was prepared for college at home, by his parents; he had no other teachers, and until he was thrown into a world of hustling young fellows at college he had no companions. His mother said, "I was his playmate, comrade, friend, and confidante for seventeen years." This boy was never reproved, and it goes without saying that he was never punished. Everybody predicted that so

much coddling and such exclusive nurture would result in sending forth at maturity a weakling unfit to cope with the problems of life. But there was good stuff in the boy, and by some miracle the coddling did him no harm. He turned out a strong, self-contained, resourceful man, who has taken a high rank in an exacting profession, who is popular with men, and gets on with them, and who is so sweet-tempered and sunny that one knows at a glance he has never been warped by injustice or embittered by fault-finding. Everything in his childhood home revolved around him, as the planets around the sun, yet he was not spoiled. I do not commend this system of training. It seems to me all-important that boys and girls should be thrown into the company of those of their own age while they are children. How else shall they learn to become good neighbours and good citizens? One of life's most important secrets is adjustment to other people and acquiring the art of living and working successfully with other people. Perhaps the ideal lies between the extreme and ceaseless mother-brooding that is given to the single child and the necessary letting alone which is the portion of eight or ten.

The greatest defect in home discipline is continual nagging. Children who are exposed to a

constant hailstorm of fault-finding grow hardened to it by repetition, and it makes no permanent impression on their minds. Resentment is aroused by reproof given in public. A sensitive child hates ridicule, and loathes comment that is unsparingly bestowed in the presence of the family or the family friends. One of the most brilliant and beautiful women in America told me that her childhood was unspeakably wretched because her mother and her elder sisters never omitted an opportunity to criticise her when she made a mistake or transgressed a rule of etiquette. She was a large girl who had long limbs and an awkward carriage at twelve, and her mother would say, "I am so mortified at Elizabeth's clumsiness. We keep her out of sight as much as we can, but she is so big that it is hard work." It was always, "Sit up straight, Elizabeth," or, "Go back and see if you cannot enter the room more quietly," until poor Elizabeth wished that the ground would open and swallow her up.

Mothers who do not understand what mother-brooding means have much to answer for, since the one lack that can never be made up while life lasts is the lack of happy memories in childhood. Fortunate are the men and women who, looking back, recall with gratitude a mother whose smile

was their sunshine, whose deft hands cut out garments and made them, who knew how to make a little money go a long way, whose children appeared well, took prizes at school, and never missed any pleasure that belonged to their age, because in the background was a mother who added to love common sense and tact, and a faculty for making the best of things.

If one find that the habit of criticism is fastening itself upon her, that she is readier to blame than to praise, to reprove than to reward, she should call a halt. Fruit and flowers ripen in the sunshine and affection has before now been winter-killed. Not the things in a home, but the people in it make the home a place of charm and repose.

The notable housekeeper is in danger of confusing values. If she pause to think she will not set her furniture, rugs and bric-a-brac in place of her children, but she may and sometimes does make the fatal mistake of looking more carefully after the former than the latter in the years when the children have the right of way, and should come first.

I have known a mother to pass by without notice a rude and boorish act on the part of a child, when she came down like a veritable Day of Judgment on the same little culprit if his ball happened to

break a pane of glass. There are mothers who can pardon anything except an ink spot on the front of a frock, or a rent in a garment. Ink spots on character and rents in behaviour are a thousand times more injurious than a transient damage to clothing or furniture.

Mothers need to discriminate. Harshness and severity should never be meted out to the child who is the victim of an accident. With the utmost admiration I remember the perfect poise and unbroken calm of a sweet woman whose little girl had the misfortune to knock over a very costly vase which had for her mother precious associations connected with her wedding journey in the Far East. The vase stood on a table where it had been placed after having been shown to guests, who had gazed at it almost with envy. In came little Barbara, her doll in her arms, her foot caught on a rug, slipped along the polished floor; she threw out a hand to save herself from falling, and lo! the vase lay in fragments at our feet. "Never mind, Barbara," said the mother, gently, "you did not mean to do it. I am so glad you are not hurt, and that even dolly has not a scratch."

The object lesson in self-control was worth going far to see, and its effect would never be lost on the character formation of the little daughter.

The mother-bird begins her brooding when the pearly eggs are under her breast, in the round nest hidden among the leaves. Our mother-brooding should begin during the months of patient waiting before the child is here. Reluctant motherhood imposes a disadvantage on the unborn child. During the sacred time before the baby comes the mother should look upon herself as hallowed and set apart. She should carefully guard herself from irritation and depression, from the despotism of her low mood, and from excessive and vehement emotion. For the sake of the child who is coming she should be pure and unspotted from the world, gentle, courageous and strong. The child is hers long before the little head is pillowed in her arms.

Loveliest and most exquisite of the pictures that adorn our homes are those representations of the Madonna that artists for ages have loved to paint. Still lovelier are the Madonnas one meets as one goes about the world. In a suburban train, on a summer day, an Italian peasant took her seat by my side. She was a mere girl, not more than sixteen. On her bare brown hand shone her wedding ring, and in her arms she held a tiny infant, a wee scrap of humanity. Her face was radiant with pride and joy. From time to time she lifted a

corner of the veil that hid the little crumpled face of the bambino, peeped at it and looked up with an expression so angelic, so heavenly, that it made my heart warm.

"Please let me look," I said. And never queen, with greater triumph in possession, displayed her princely offspring than this youthful peasant mother showed her little child. "How old is she?" I asked. And the answer came, "Just three weeks old to-day." God bless her and every other mother who cradles her babe with such delight!

Often in tenement homes amid scenes of poverty I have witnessed this efflorescence of ecstasy in the face of the mother to whom God has given a little child.

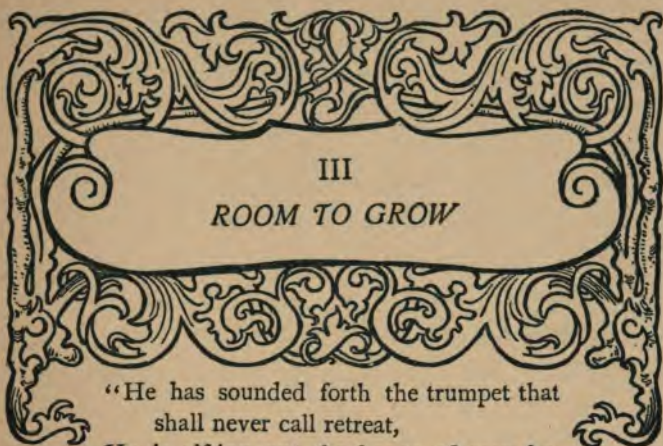
Mothers should not forget that all the petting and care are not to be monopolized by the juniors. A lad who has reached what we call the "awkward age" is often sensitive and uncomfortable as well as shy and unreasonable. Every one knows that transition moments are trying, and the bridge between boyhood and young manhood is a peculiarly perilous and uncertain affair. A mother needs much patience and much faith in influencing her growing boy. She must often indirectly shield him from the consequences of his inexperience. She may even have to stand between him and his

father, since fathers have not always the quick sympathy with their sons that they usually have with their daughters. The tides of manhood are rushing in upon the growing boy. He does not understand his own moods. He is the prey of the unscrupulous who take advantage of his vanity, or tempt him to his undoing. Even though the mother neglect some of her other cares and duties she will do well to brood lovingly over her boy of sixteen to twenty. Later she will have no reason to regret that she maintained her steady hold on his confidence and love. Nor should she intermit this brooding care when her boys and girls are away at school. Her letters and love should maintain constant touch with teachers, and she should know all about companions and friends.

In this chapter for mothers it appears as if fathers were overlooked. Yet a father's part in the upbringing of children is not less influential and not less direct than that of the mother. A father whom his children honour, whose integrity and rectitude are unbending, whose goodness is their shield, and who stands to them almost in the place of divine providence, is for children their best ideal of the heavenly Father. During the very earliest years, children are most closely under the molding hand of mothers, but from an age that reaches

back into the dim adumbration of infancy they receive impressions from their father. The man's province is to provide for his home, to be its breadwinner and its defender, and therefore, working hard and long, he often has little opportunity to be much with his children. Sunday is the father's day. The children make acquaintance with him then. He talks to them, tells them stories, goes with them to walk, carries the baby on his shoulder, and sits at the head of the family pew with a row of little heads between him and their mother. It is a beautiful sight and it is a good omen for the future when some portion of the Sabbath is given to worship, and parents and children are together in church. Among her pleasantest recollections a woman, no longer young, tells me that she cherishes her pictures of her father sitting by the firelit hearth, a child on either knee, while he told the small spellbound listeners stories of Joseph the dreamer, of David and Goliath, of Daniel in the den of lions, and of the three children who walked in the fiery furnace, and were none the worse.

A home in which both father and mother unite in training their children is the one retreat on earth that gathers to itself the light of heaven.



III
ROOM TO GROW

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
fore His Judgment Seat.
O my soul be swift to answer Him, be jubilant my
feet,
For God is marching on."



HE return of July suggests to Americans, whether at home or abroad, the pride and pomp of Independence Day. Falling early in the month, the Fourth emphasizes an act so brave, so freighted with tremendous issues, and so splendidly heroic that it well may be celebrated in song and story while the nation endures.

When the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, in 1776, deliberately threw down the gauntlet and asserted the right of all men, born free and equal, to govern themselves and to resist tyranny, a new force came into the world; it was

the dawn of a new era. In history the life of our young republic as compared with the lives of kingdoms and empires in other lands is very brief ; so brief that it seems wonderful that it has been very much diversified. We have had great wars and conflicts, we have settled grave differences of opinion, we have forgotten many asperities, and have seen peace and prosperity marching together with strides hitherto undreamed of, and from a loosely compacted group of colonies we have gradually yet swiftly expanded into a strong world-power.

The recurring Fourth of July finds our flag respected, and our counsels influential. From the meeting of scholars, statesmen, soldiers, farmers and gentlemen, who represented the country in its early morning, until these hours of the hurrying twentieth century, it has been in one sense a far cry. In another, the distance is short, but amazing results have followed the declaration of our independence.

The children have laid in a goodly stock of fire-crackers and other fizzing things for their own delight on the Fourth, and there is no doubt that in most households there is some provision in the way of fireworks for the evening. Towns and cities make arrangements for parades and salutes or other patriotic demonstrations, and the

day seldom passes without its gala air of brave festivity. But there is increasingly apparent on the part of many people a dissatisfaction with the uproar and clamour, the continual booming of guns and bursting of explosives that have been accepted as appropriate to this particular holiday. People escape to the country and contrive, if they can, to spend the day in tranquillity, away from the city's din.

The veterans still cling to the old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth. If the young people just at home from college will ask their grandparents how the Fourth was kept in their day, they will be told, while the old faces beam, that the past far exceeded the present. I am not sure that the old people are not right, fearing as I do that our homes are not rising as they ought to the great privilege and opportunity of training the young in patriotism.

"When I was a little girl of ten," says Great-aunt Sophy, "we children were as excited about the Fourth as we were about Christmas. We woke up very early, rushed into our clothes and flew as if our feet were wings to set off our fire-crackers and torpedoes out of doors. Cannons began to thunder at dawn. I slept too soundly to hear them, but I know that the firing of guns and pistols always commenced about one o'clock in the

morning, and the church-bells were rung at midnight. A church stood opposite our house. Ordinarily it was a plain frame building with high porch and white pillars, but on Fourth-of-July morning it was decorated with flags and bunting until it looked so gay that my childish eyes danced at the sight. An immense flag floated from the roof, and wherever one looked the streets were ablaze with banners. All the Sunday-schools and all the day-schools paraded with the soldiers of the township, a band playing martial airs in front. From time to time the crowd joined the band in a burst of gleeful song. We sang as if we meant every word. Arrived at the common, or the Town Hall, we were addressed, children and grown folk alike, by the governor or our congressman or some great orator. The Declaration of Independence was read impressively. We were told about the Revolution and the long struggle the country underwent from Concord to Yorktown, and there was not a boy or girl who did not share the enthusiasm of the moment, and feel an inch taller because he or she was an American. As a small child I knew a good deal about every signer of that glorious Declaration, and I used to take a personal pride in the bold penmanship of John Hancock, and in the valorous spirit of Charles

Carroll, who added 'of Carrollton' to his name, lest the peril of his deed should fall on some one else. Each of those signers took his life in his hand when he signed that document. 'Gentlemen,' said some one, 'if we don't all hang together, we shall all hang separately.' I was a very little girl when I stood on the platform, dressed in a white frock, with a red, white and blue sash around my waist, and in a shrill, defiant, childish voice, recited before a Fourth of July assembly a ringing speech made in defense of America in Parliament, by that far-seeing statesman, the Earl of Chatham. And indeed," ended the old lady, "three millions of people never did a more magnificent thing than was done when they hurled defiance at King George and the mother country."

"The Mother Country, God bless her!" says a young fellow fresh from Harvard, with a smile and a wave of the hand at the Colonial Dame.

"Yes," she answers, "we all echo that sentiment now. England and America are the closest of friends. We are mother and daughter. But in my childhood we were still pretty near the time when we had fought one another, and the agitation of the ground-swell had not fully subsided. You children have never kept the Fourth as we did, and I am half afraid that you are so learned in

other things that you do not study your country's history as you ought. It is a history of which we need not be ashamed, and we who are Dames and Daughters are doing our best to preserve noted spots, and keep green the memory of our early heroes. The house in which I was born, I am pleased to tell you, sheltered General Washington many a time, and I have often sat beside a table at which that great man ate his dinner and drank his tea."

Young people are a bit impatient of reminiscences, and when their elders are launched in full tide, the juniors are apt to make their escape. On this occasion, a visiting professor, who happened to be Aunt Sophy's guest, summed up the matter before the group had dispersed by the remark that "this country had possessed a great advantage in her situation and her geographical chances for expansion."

He had recently been interested in the subject of coast survey, and he led the conversation to that interesting theme, whence it branched off into other lines. Undoubtedly the professor was right in his conclusion. We have had room to grow. Our big country with its vast areas of territory has made it impossible for us to live in stagnation. Take, for instance, the not uncommon spectacle of

a young girl calmly accepting the exigencies of a situation for which she has had hitherto no apparent preparation. She is about to marry a young farmer who has gone to the distant West, the real West, beyond the Rockies, to begin a new home in a new part of the country. Western towns spring up with the rapidity of Jack's famous bean stalk. One day there are pioneers and log cabins, the next there are streets populous and busy, there is a library, there are churches and schools. The girl goes without a tremour into the sequestered life of the new land. She means to carry with her, as women carry everywhere, the true home atmosphere, and her first little home will not lack dainty touches of refinement, and a few of the trifles that manifest the feminine love of home decoration.

Room to grow is found on the ranch and the prairie and in the mountain lands as it cannot be in the choked existence of the seaport towns. Yet they, too, receive continually new influences, brought hither by the ships that navigate the wide ocean, and as it has been wisely said, "The law of imports and exports is the law of life."

In city or country there must be room to grow, or there will be degeneracy and arrested development. We need great spaces and plenty of

air. True patriotism will recognize this necessity before long, and perhaps instead of exploiting in words there shall be material improvement, and a vital change in the environments that now dwarf and stifle the children of the poor.

In a volume recently published the statement is made that "seventy thousand children in New York City go breakfastless to school every day."

A modification of this heart-rending report is to the effect that while not absolutely without any breakfast, the vast majority of children in the tenement districts of a metropolitan city are habitually under-fed, are fed on poor food and are always hungry. When we are praising our country and singing our patriotic hymns, we cannot ignore the minor strain in which mingles the bitter cry of forlorn and famished childhood. Notwithstanding what is done by charity organizations, by humanitarians, and by the ever-multiplying settlements, there is constantly terrible suffering in the families of the very poor. The newspapers are full of harrowing tales in which there is no leaven of exaggeration. A man goes forth to his daily labour, and in an hour meets with sudden death by accident. In that same hour a babe is born in his home and the new-made mother is a widow with-

out a single resource, or money to care for the children already in the home. I have seen a little girl eight years old break into an agony of weeping when told by her teacher in a primary school that she would find little twin sisters at home when she reached there. "What will mamma do?" wailed the little girl, old already and bowed with care; one of the pitiful "little mothers" of the very poor.

The problem of child labour cannot be evaded. It confronts us at every turn.

We are told, and the fact is vouched for in census returns, that eighty thousand children, most of them little girls, are employed in the textile industries of this country. In mills from Maine to Alabama, whoever takes time and pains to investigate, shall see wizened faces and shrunken forms of children from eight to twelve years of age, children who toil painfully the livelong day, who have never had a fair chance in school or on the playground, who are badly clothed, badly lodged and badly fed. At the bar of heaven's justice how shall this nation of ours answer for what it has done in commercial greed to the little ones who have never had room to grow? In the silence of streets deserted at playtime, because the children beyond babyhood are earning pence in

factories, if we listen we may hear the stern voice of the divine Teacher who said centuries ago, "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea."

We have multiplied reasons for complacency as we watch our beautiful country, but until we prevent illegal child slavery, and until we make food adulteration obsolete, and insist on decent homes and clean houses for the children of want and poverty, we shall have something for which to blush.

Every home has a gauge in this peculiar trouble, and they who are at the top cannot escape blame unless they attempt to ameliorate the situation of those at the bottom. We do not so much need temporary relief distributions of bread and clothing, kindnesses that merely poultice aching wounds, as we need the sharp knife of the surgeon to get at the root of the matter. It will not do for those who love their country to suffer in it an absorption in the worship of gold. There was a time when few were very rich and few were very poor, and in this middle-class condition of comfort there was more of plain living and high thinking than obtains now.

Leaving this phase of American life, shall we turn to something pleasanter? How is it with us in our homes of culture and gentle traditions? Are we ready to give our children room for their individual development?

Two defects are noticeable in home management; here a mother is over-indulgent. In her anxiety that her children should be very happy and have every possible pleasure, she permits them to be indolent or selfish or fault-finding. A mother should neither be slave nor drudge. She will not be half so dearly loved, nor half so truly appreciated, if she make this mistake as she will be if her children from the first understand that they must be obedient and considerate. Another parent of a different disposition treats her children as though they were clay to be molded into any shape she pleases; making little account of temperament and individuality, she rules her brood with arbitrary firmness, so that there is little real enjoyment under her sway. In the home there should be what is found as the crowning virtue of a free government, a certain amount of liberty. Children must have opportunity to become that for which they were intended when they were born.

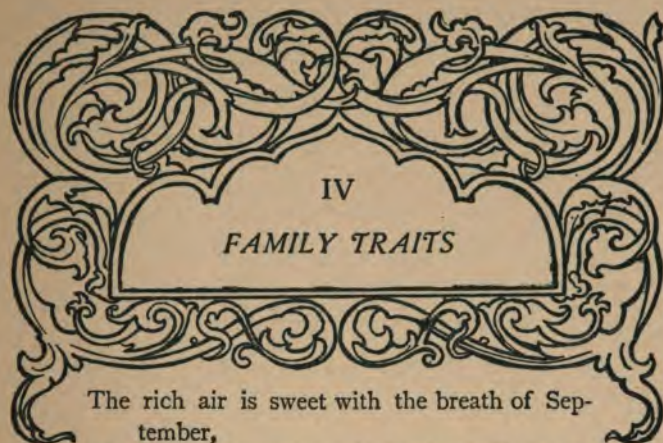
Once in a while homes need to be patient. The children seem rather disappointing; they do not

quickly discover their place or find their niche. They must be allowed time and room. In the household tyranny over the individual must be prohibited if there are to be days of progress and contentment.

Perhaps this caution is especially needful in the line of conduct adopted towards grown-up children. There are fathers and mothers who never learn that their children are men and women. They expect from maturity, from adult daughters and sons the docility and the submission that they exacted from the nursery and the schoolroom. Unless they are resisted and their children assert their own right to their own lives, there ensue unhappiness and arrested development.



With the children all about her,
Little hands to hold her own,
Little heads upon her bosom,
Queen is she upon her throne.



IV

FAMILY TRAITS

The rich air is sweet with the breath of Sep-
tember,
The sumach is staining the hedges with red ;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days that so long ago fled,—
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free,
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen, oh ! listen once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry Academy bell !

“OU see,” said my guest, waving
her fan slowly back and forth,
while a puzzled expression deep-
ened on her charming face,
“Daniel’s traits are altogether
different from my traits. His family never do
anything in a hurry, they need a ten-acre lot to
turn around in. They are what you might call
ponderous, though I beg pardon of all Daniel’s

aunts and uncles for the adjective. It does sound a bit insulting. My people are quick, and hot tempered and loving, and sometimes make mistakes, but are never too proud to admit them. The children, Dan's and mine, resemble both of us, and Mabel strikes an average, but the others are such opposites that I do not know in the least how to manage them." She paused, and the fan, for a wonder, lay folded on her lap, with her thin, nervous hands tightly clasped over it. Evidently she did not know how to relax.

The soft September air freighted with the breath of late roses, and the perfume of the grapes that were beginning to ripen in the sun, floated in through the window, and I heard faintly from the distance the tinkle of a piano. I knew the sound. A little neighbour who hated music as much as some people love it, was drearily practicing her scales at the relentless measure of a monotonous one, two, three, four, and the ticking of her mother's watch.

"If," said my guest, musingly, "Lucile were my child I should send her outdoors to romp with her brothers instead of keeping her sitting like a prisoner at that horrid piano, when she hasn't the slightest notion of anything but discord, and when her fingers are like wooden pegs. There is an-

other proof of what I am bothering over. Lucile's mother is as obstinate as a mule. All the Fair-
weathers are. She is as yielding on the surface as
a feather-bed, but underneath look out! for if you
rap too hard you'll come thump against a stone
wall. She's bound to make a musician of Lucile,
but she'll fail in the end, because Lucile inherits
her traits from the Marshall side, and they never
yet did anything in the end that they didn't want
to. It's all a muddle anyway. What would you
advise as a good way to solve the problem?"

She had taken up her fan and was waving it as
usual back and forth in a rhythmic motion more
placid than her wont.

"Dear lady," I answered, "I have lived long
enough to be willing to leave a great many puz-
zling things to nature. It is my opinion that back
of our training and our trouble and our anxiety
there are great forces that often take matters out
of our hands. We talk about family traits and
we lump them together in a single word, heredity,
and then we talk about daily occurrences, impor-
tant or trivial, and we call them environment.
Notwithstanding the fuss we make, our children
succeed in growing up respectably, and as a rule
they do us credit. Each generation, so to speak,
makes a new deal. Dan's traits and yours, as you

say, have attained a happy average in Mabel, but they are more or less mixed and compounded in Mabel's brothers and sisters, and were I to criticise any of the brood unfairly I am pretty sure the little mother would ruffle her feathers and stand up valiantly in behalf of her offspring. Is it not so? When, to take a very common example, the teacher finds fault with one of your children, which of you is the more annoyed, you or Daniel?"

"Neither my husband nor myself," responded my visitor with dignity, "can bear to have teachers or other people find fault with the children when they haven't deserved it."

"Yes," I said, smiling, "on the common ground of adoring your children, Dan's slowness and your quickness meet and mingle." It is usually so in a family. The contrasting traits somehow coalesce and out of their union arise others that are equally vital and essential.

The best thing in family life is the opportunity afforded by common interest for the formation of what may be called a new situation, or possibly a new character that develops little by little without the consciousness of those most nearly concerned. Every one knows husbands and wives in middle life who have grown to resemble one another closely, although at first their countenances may

have been dissimilar. Living under one roof, by a process of unconscious imitation, their features have taken on a look that is hard to define, but which every one recognizes. The spiritual likeness molds both faces, and the family look is in both. Of course, there are exceptions, but people who love one another, who live many years under the same roof, and who have children to keep them young, look alike long before old age has whitened their hair and dimmed their eyes.

Do you remember Mrs. Tulliver's circle of kinsfolk, and the freedom with which Sister Glegg and Sister Pullet made their comments when they came to visit at the mill? No wonder good Mr. Tulliver at last reached the end of his patience and expressed his gratitude to heaven that there had never been an ill-tempered woman in *his* family. Sister Glegg really reached what might be called the limit of feminine perversity in her quarrelsome disposition and her determination to be pleased with nothing. Sister Pullet and Sister Dean were rather more endurable than she, although they, too, were not without a generous share of family conceit. As for Mrs. Tulliver, fair, plump, placid and dull-witted, she was a type that is something of a trial in double harness when matched with a clever and ambitious running mate.

Relations-in-law are proverbially trying, and the strong probability is that they will remain so until this old world has reached its latest day. People are tiresome or difficult or antagonistic, not of their own volition, but because they do not understand one another or see things from the same point of view. Over and over we note little asperities, little irritations, little fires of resentment flashing up here and there from this unfortunate cause, and as yet no philosophy has been found potential enough to reconcile that which is naturally at odds. Two elements of the same kind may mingle, but oil and water flow side by side and each remains what it originally was.

The part of prudence, of common sense and of Christian charity is to make the best and not the worst of any trait that has crept into a family, holding one's peace where speech does no good, and, above everything, refraining from a discourteous and ill-considered retort in a discussion. No amount of argument on the part of Mr. Tulliver ever convinced Sister Glegg.

Be it observed that the disputes in the domestic privacy of the Mill on the Floss, whether one aunt or another had a share in them, had their rise in differences of opinion about the education of young

Tom or the misdemeanours of Maggie. Uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers-in-law take the liberty of being extremely candid in their counsels, and too often in the real world, as in the world of books, give advice when it is not asked. People are easily hurt when relatives and friends interfere in family affairs. This is partly the reason why feuds spring up in families and why they are not readily settled. Added to the first irritation are very likely brusque remarks that have a basis of truth. When people know one another so intimately that they consider themselves privileged to be impolite if they wish, there is sure to be trouble ahead.

Where strong wills are in danger of clashing the wiser course is to agree beforehand upon disagreement if necessary. There is no reason, for instance, why one grown person of sound mind and good judgment should absolutely yield to another person of equal age and equal intellectual powers simply because the two happen to be married. Harmony in the household depends upon freedom. Tyranny in the household is fatal to peace and blights love. One pities profoundly either husband or wife who goes through life forever giving up, forever conceding and forever putting aside the personal desire, merely that there

may be tranquillity. Equal rights and equal privileges should be the motto in home life. For children it is particularly unfortunate that there should be open dissension between parents about them. They are quick to see which parent is likely to be over-indulgent, or they misunderstand the real tenderness of the one who at times denies what they most eagerly wish. Never quarrel, if quarrel you must, in the presence of your children, should be an iron-clad rule.

To live in a family and still be outside of it, to notice what one considers a mistake and to refrain from comment, requires much self-control. Grandparents having brought up and launched the first generation, having only indirect responsibility as to the control of the second, often perceive what they fancy mismanagement of the little ones whom they idolize. Grandmother's room or grandfather's lap is an asylum for a little child who is sure that no blame will fall upon him from those kind lips. The son's wife does not receive without indignation reproofs from her husband's mother, and the latter should be careful how she interferes, and withhold criticism at the cost of self-repression. Mothers and daughters-in-law are often enough intimate friends, confiding in one another, and growing into warmer affection as

the years pass, but this cannot be if on either side there are meddling and interference.

"I have not been accustomed," said a visiting sister-in-law to a friend of mine, "to see my brother treated with so little respect as he is in this house. You make fun of him, and you are teaching the children to think that they may do the same. I am speaking only for your good, but I really think you should change your manner altogether."

My friend, who was a devoted wife and whose husband understood her thoroughly, was very much aggrieved, and felt decided relief when the over-candid sister took her departure. In this, as in many another case, there was no occasion for suspicion or rebuke. There was simply in the two women the conflict of family traits; the husband and wife were the best of comrades, and had the wife been willing to complain to her good-man about his sister, no one would have felt more vexed and disturbed than he. As for the phrase, "speaking only for your good," it is always annoying and everywhere a danger signal.

Were I addressing the mother who distresses herself lest her children should not arrive at maturity equipped for its battles, I would say as I do to the thoughtless one or the complaisant one, re-

member that in home training every day tells on the future. Line upon line must be our motto. We need not worry too much over this or that little fault or foible, if each day we show the children an example of goodness, kindness, and self-control. One who does not know childhood's power to assimilate and childhood's tendency to imitate, may fancy that infantile education is unimportant. "Never mind the babies," such a one may say, "but take great pains with the girl and boy of ten and twelve." Never could there be a greater fallacy. The most important years, the years that give the trend for life, are the early ones, when the little dimpled hands are outstretched, when the baby soul is reaching forth and receiving ideas and impressions, when manners are formed and habits have their beginnings. To leave the babies to irresponsible hired hands and lavish care and expense on half-grown children is the blunder of those who are ignorant or inexperienced as to vital issues.

President King, of Oberlin College, in his admirable treatise on Rational Living, has this to say to young people, and I commend it to mothers:

"Nowhere are the psychical and physical so completely interwoven as in the phenomena of

habit. The mind's initiative constantly comes in, but it is as constantly seconded by the nervous system. The time-limit in habits is one of the strong evidences of the close connection of body and mind. It is a startling fact to face that a man's personal habits are largely fixed before he is twenty; the chief lines of his future growth and acquaintance before he is twenty-five, and his professional habits before he is thirty. . . . We are becoming bundles of habits. With every young person one must, therefore, continually urge: Are you willing to retain just the personal habits you have now? You cannot too quickly change them if you wish to make thorough work. From your early morning toilet, through the care of your clothing and the order of your room, table manners, breathing, tone of voice, manner of talking, pronunciation, gesture, motion, address, study, to your very way of sleeping at night—all your habits are setting like plaster of paris."

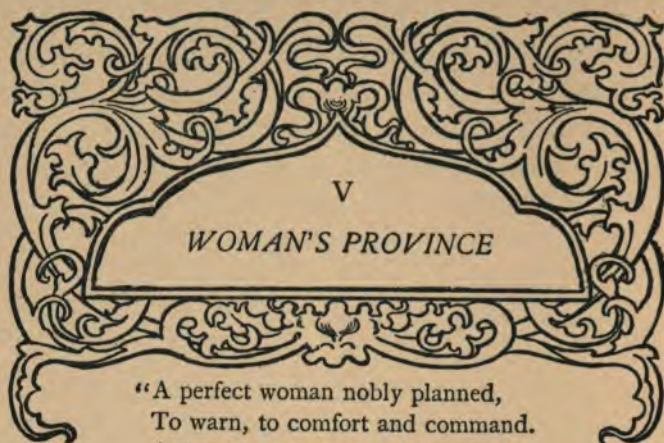
Home and school combine in efficient child-training. Few determinations are more important than the right selection of a school. Teachers should be chosen with a view to the best development of children, and once a choice has been made it is due to them that they should not be discounted in the view of their pupils. No teacher can hope

for success unless there be sympathy and coöperation in the home and on the part of parents. It is not meant by this that mothers should constitute themselves a visiting board, or too frequently and too wistfully watch every lesson at home and every recitation in the schoolroom. There are mothers whose solicitude leads them into a fussiness that is to be deprecated.

What both parents and teachers desire is the real good of children. If Mary or Johnny is working too hard, and cannot do justice to all the subjects undertaken, consult the school authorities and have a subject dropped. We are so ambitious that there is sometimes peril that the children will be pushed forward too fast, and our desire for their advancement result in their wavering health. A teacher of profound insight and long experience told me that if her young people could be left to her, and if their mothers did not try to crowd in too many outside interests and pleasures, the danger of overwork would be wholly diminished.

The school year with us begins in September. No fairer sight is ever seen than the little army that tramps steadily in the morning towards the open door of the school. Notwithstanding inherited traits, this vast army marches under a conquering flag.

Do not let us worry over the children. They belong to God even more than they belong to us. In the sunshine and the storm, God is caring for them.



"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.
A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food."



THE phrase is so old-fashioned that it is almost obsolete. We hear very little in these days about woman's sphere. A long time ago, there was a general impression that woman's peculiar sphere was bounded by four walls and a door, the walls very high and thick, the door low, narrow, and strongly barred within and defended without. A host of prejudices and glimmering traditions disputed woman's right to leave the guarded privacy of her home and venture into the open field. She who did so was called mannish, unwomanly, or strong-minded; the last epithet causing an immediate shudder in the ranks of the conservative. As for many generations it had

been taken for granted that women belonged to the sheltered and guarded sex, that they were to be protected by men in every peril, that their privilege was to be shielded and taken care of, and as women are naturally disposed to be cautious, the change from past conditions came slowly into actual fact.

The truth is that woman's sphere has always been more elastic and broader than the superficial imagine. Going back to the period of the Italian Renaissance, we find ladies whose learning was conspicuous in an era when women were not supposed to be taught the alphabet. But for the courage and self-sacrifice of Isabella of Castile the little ships of Columbus might never have spread their sails to discover unknown worlds. Kingdoms ruled by women have not taken the least enviable places in history. By far the richest and most sumptuous monument ever erected in any clime or age is the wonderful Taj Mahal, at Agra, India, the costly offering of a bereaved Oriental monarch to the memory of a beloved wife, a woman who must have contradicted in her own person the theory that the Eastern wife is necessarily merely a slave or a toy. Even in the changeless East there have been exceptions enough to prove the rule that the woman-soul leads on.

Unfortunately people are ready to use words without a nice appreciation of their meaning, and to confuse the ideas of strength and weakness as though weakness meant gentleness and strength roughness and coarseness. A woman should never lose her quality of gentleness. It is as essential and as fine in the mother bending over her baby's cradle as in the physician attending a patient or the saleswoman waiting on a customer. Whatever a woman's work may be she must never part with the gentle self-possession and sweet serenity that are distinctively feminine. A strong woman is seldom other than gentle. One who is weak may be fretful, self-assertive and unreasonable. The province of the stronger mind is to confront a situation and meet its requirements; to act promptly and decisively, and at all times to maintain poise and quietness. A person of strong mind is an efficient person—capable, clever and calm. A weak woman, on the other hand, assumes the air of a martyr if she cannot have her own way, and while claiming to be feminine, and therefore daring to be exacting and capricious, she is really little more than a spoiled child.

Circumstances at present have forced thousands of women to enlarge their sphere, and a woman is not less a lady because she works for her bread.

Great wars, sweeping off thousands of men by disease or death, have compelled women to become bread-winners. Modern education prepares women for business and professional life, and provides them with the needful equipment. The health rate of girls has steadily advanced, physical culture being accepted as coördinate with beauty, while nerves and hysteria have ceased to be fascinating. Three-fourths of our daughters, when they leave school and college, look about them for something to do. Widows deprived of those whose labours brought the family income, accept the inevitable and turn to whatever comes next. One is often surprised to see how quickly a retiring little woman, who has never earned a dollar in her life, shows herself equal to an emergency; is plucky and brave, and not only supports herself, but manages to educate her children when her husband in the midst of his years is taken away.

Census returns convince us that very few avenues for self-help have been neglected by women. They have been car-conductors, roofers, steamboat captains and deep-sea pilots, on occasion. The army and navy do not afford openings, and women are not found among those who dig trenches or build sky-scrapers. Some departments of labour must be left to men with their stronger sinews and

backs and their more convenient mode of dress. In some parts of the country, and at certain seasons, women do not hesitate to work in the fields, and gardening is always a congenial occupation. Why it is considered hard and disagreeable to perform a day's labour in the open air and sun, while it is thought easy and pleasant to spend a greater number of hours in a hot kitchen over a blazing fire, one does not comprehend. In the first case a woman may grow sunburned and freckled, but she will take deep breaths, and she need not be too tired to sleep well at night. In the second, she grows pallid and shrivelled, and ages too soon, and many a time lays an aching head upon a restless pillow.

Teaching, sewing and housekeeping constitute a trio of feminine occupations that wear an air of gentle and beautiful dignity. The Little School-ma'am, whether her place is in one of the large graded schools or in a little district school in the country, is one of the factors in our civilization. She is molding the children and so shaping them that they will never lose the influence of her touch and her character.

When first the sewing-machine was introduced, it was freely prophesied that it would put an end to the labours of the seamstress and deprive women

of one means of self-support. That it has been otherwise we know. The opposition made to every labour-saving invention has been based on some such ground, and constantly without a shadow of reason. Needlecraft in its more artistic varieties will always invite women and, in a measure, prove remunerative. A woman who has built up for herself a large and profitable business in the making of garments by hand has sought her assistants in every state in the Union, her chief difficulty being to find women who can sew well. This, indeed, is often the chief difficulty with woman's work. Thoroughness and perfection of skill, conscientious application to the thing in hand, and trained ability are often lacking in the woman worker. Yet, sometimes when there are present the qualities of patience, thoroughness and ability, results are disappointing. Take, for example, the pitiful story of a woman who worked for fifty years in making artificial flowers. No doubt she knew her business perfectly, but the poor soul toiling fourteen hours a day was never able to earn more than two dollars and fifty cents a week. This was in London. Here, hours are shorter and wages higher.

Housekeeping implies the knowledge of several kinds of effort. A good housekeeper must have

personal acquaintance with marketing, catering, cooking, laundry-work, scrubbing, scouring, bed-making, managing, serving, and home-making. She need not do everything herself, but this being her time-honoured vocation, she must at least have a sufficient preparation for it to enable her to set others at work as well as to work herself. Considering that a multitude of American women not only keep house well, but nurse their families in illness, assist their children in home-work, supervise the piano practice of their daughters, sympathize in the athletic sports of their sons, and economize in order that their husbands may enlarge their business or buy more acres, we cannot look upon housekeeping as an easy trade.

On the day of the San Francisco earthquake a friend was awakened in the early morning by the rocking to and fro of her home, the falling of pictures and the crash of breaking glass. It was not until the late afternoon that she decided with her husband that they must fly for their lives and leave the dear home behind them, probably to be seen no more. In the interval, as she later wrote to her mother in the East, she did not lose her composure. "I cooked a good dinner as best I could," she said, "not knowing when we would next get a regular meal, and I had the sweeping done as usual."

Here was the poise of the perfect housekeeper whose head did not fail her, although there was no little heartache in the flight from home, a flight from a whirlwind of devouring flame.

To sum up the matter, a woman to-day may do almost whatever she pleases.

If there be a guardian angel whose especial province is to watch over the home and make sweet and pure its spirit in prosperity and adversity, that angel hovers most lovingly over the woman at the head of the household. The spiritual atmosphere that pervades a home, and makes it something more than a mere house where people eat and sleep, is dependent on mothers, wives, daughters and sisters. They are responsible for the life within their little realm. A woman may go to business daily, stand behind a counter, sit at a desk or sell goods from door to door, but when she returns to her domicil at nightfall, the spirit of the home steps over the threshold with her. Whether or not woman designs it, by the law of her being she is the pervading genius of the household, and although it may sound trite and familiar by repetition, home is her inner sphere from which she must broaden out. A man all by himself may make a palace or a museum or an art gallery, but all by himself he cannot make a real home.

The seamy side of home-making strangely enough is most often seen where a wife is too domestic. A woman who lives only for her house and for her family seldom keeps pace with her husband and children intellectually and sympathetically. She is so anxious to have her table as it should be, her dining-room in spotless order, and her periodical cleaning and polishing done, that she has no time for anything else. Outside interests of some sort are necessary if one's mental powers are to grow. These interests should not be, when it can be helped, in the line of wage-earning. Longing to help their husbands, women sometimes attempt tasks beyond their strength. The ordinary care of a home and the management of children are enough to tax the energies of a wife and mother, and she should not undertake beyond these duties any other work unless there is real need.

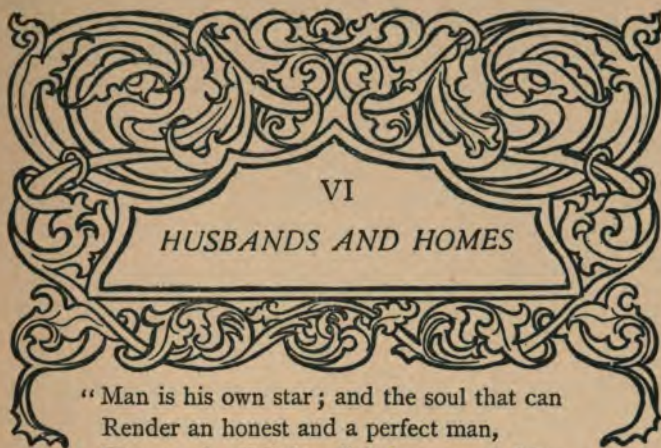
An infirm or crippled husband may not be able to provide for his household, and the maintenance of it may therefore fall on the wife, but if he be well and able-bodied he should do the earning and his wife should regulate the spending, in so far as the home administration is concerned. Frugal living does no one harm. It is because we demand extravagances that so much money seems desir-

able. A weary, fretted and unhappy wife is no help to her husband, though she may add to his income and procure for herself luxuries that are beyond his power to give her.

What shall the outside interests be that keep a woman blithe, cheery and young, if they are not those in which she enters the great markets of competition? There are always people near who may be helped. If one has no neighbours to whom she may talk, she may write letters to friends at a distance, and keep in loving touch with them. We underrate the charm of a letter. In some lives there are so few happenings worth narrating that the coming of the postman with an envelope bearing one's name is an event. Fancy the life of an invalid away from home, in Arizona or New Mexico, or Winnipeg, with none of her own home people near. Would not a letter from an old schoolmate across the continent bring her a waft of cheer that would keep her heart warm for many a day? It is always wise to belong to some great association for doing good. We are wonderfully enlarged if we have lines of human sympathy extending from our firesides to the ends of the earth.

Our children receive the impression of our breadth or narrowness, and they are the better for

having in the home some one who is not always hurried and worried, but who has leisure to listen to them when they have little trials and plenty of time to share their joys.



"Man is his own star ; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."



F a man all by himself cannot successfully make a home neither can a woman all by herself. Bachelor establishments and spinster colonies may be equipped with every modern appliance for comfort and luxury, but they signally fail in acquiring the touch of completeness that is found wherever two wholesome, true-hearted human beings, man and woman, unite their destinies in a marriage that is founded on love. Marriage with any lower consideration than love for its basis is fore-doomed, if not to failure, to an abortive incompleteness. Neither a convent

nor a monastery approaches on home's ideal. A home may be defined as a place where a husband and wife live together from youth to age in perfect harmony and mutual helpfulness, with common interests and a common aim. Such homes are strongholds of good citizenship and safeguards of our country.

A household without a man may be tranquil and placid, but the peace is akin to stagnation and the tranquillity is probably monotonous. Everything may be neat and tidy, but on the whole, the result is colourless. The entrance of a man on the scene makes a certain difference, brings in a stimulating breeze from without, and in a way tones up the entire household so that it is more strenuous and less easy-going, less elastic and more interesting than if the home be composed wholly of women. The quiet atmosphere of a land where it is always afternoon may overbrood a household where elderly spinsters or a mother with middle-aged daughters are passing tranquil days. Introduce a son or brother who has been living elsewhere, a bachelor uncle or cousin, and the situation is changed at once.

I remember the reply made me by a lady who at the mature age of seventy-two, after a lifetime of single blessedness, married a widower who came

courting at eighty. Her village neighbours had not lost the habit of addressing this sprightly old lady as Miss Julia, but I, a stranger, gave her the honours of her married state. "Mrs. P.," I remarked, "will you mind telling me whether or not the colonel's presence has made your housekeeping lighter or harder?"

"Oh, my dear," she answered, "a thousand times harder, but a thousand times more delightful. I never used to bother about setting a table after breakfast unless I had company. I would take a bite in the pantry or a cup of tea and be perfectly satisfied. But the colonel is hearty, and must have three meals a day. He is very fond of lemon pie, and I make it for him, but never would I think of taking so much trouble for myself."

The good gentlewoman in the evening of her life had learned what most of us learn in the morning, that a man in the house is a personage who must be considered, who must have pie if he want it, and who is to be fed on the best the market affords.

Somebody has said that the ordinary woman cares very little what she has to eat. The ordinary man, on the contrary, has decided tastes in the line of eating, and as his work lies beyond the home and beyond the realm of catering and cook-

ing, he sits down with appetite to the home table, doing full justice to the daily bill of fare.

Were I talking to a girl about to be married I would say over and over if you anticipate success in domestic administration, you must do something more than dress prettily and beam amiably upon John. You must take a few lessons in your mother's kitchen, and know how to set the table daintily if you would keep John in the state of worshipful affection which is your portion now.

Questions of adjustment continually arise in home-affairs. Granting that a husband does all that he can and should in the matter of bread-winning and of supplying the wife's purse; granting that he is absolutely faithful and devoted, and that no other woman in the wide world seems to him worthy of mention in the same day with his wife, still he may forget the fact that she has claims upon him surpassing all others in their imperative demands. I am not about to speak of the obvious fact that a husband should never let himself degenerate into a arbitrary despot, or fail in courtesy and in little attentions as dear to the wife as to the sweetheart. We hear a good deal about the wife whose smiling face is her husband's welcome home at nightfall, and whose cheery hand waves him a blessing as he turns the corner of the

road on his morning way to the office. A sunshiny disposition is worth as much in a husband as it is in a wife. A man who comes in with a cordial word and a blithe look, who brings something of the cheer and gladness of the great world into the little world of home, is sure to be adored in the domestic circle.

We hear on every side, and we have always heard a great deal about the wife's duty of consecration to her home. It is taken for granted that a large part of her time, thought and strength will be given to her home and dear ones, and she is universally condemned if she allow obligations to the public to interfere with the prior obligations of the home.

In Mrs. Jellyby Dickens drew an immortal caricature of a woman who devotes herself to charity, and sacrifices to it the welfare of her husband and children. Have we not overlooked the other side of the shield? Are there not good men and true, honestly and honourably devoted to their wives and to their homes who have imperceptibly drifted into neglect of them in their absorption in efforts for the public weal. A letter that lies before me outlines such a case so strongly that I quote it word for word.

She was a wife of five years' standing. She had

a little child and she was expecting another. "My husband," she wrote, "is the best of men, and I would not have you imagine that there is anything in him that does not wholly satisfy me. He is my ideal, and dearer now than when I was a bride. The seamy side of our married life is the continual absence from me entailed upon us by John's desire to be public-spirited and a model citizen. Little by little the township, the county, the Y.M.C.A., the poor, and the church have encroached upon my husband's evenings until now he never has one free to spend with me. By degrees his leisure at home has been lessened by outside engagements that have nothing to do with business, that are personal or concerned with philanthropy, until I see him only at the table. It is with difficulty that we get time to talk together of really necessary affairs. In the morning he must hurry away to the office. He does not come home to luncheon, and he is often late for dinner. After dinner, with a kiss to Teddy and me, he is gone, and his latch-key seldom turns in the door until half-past ten. By that time I am in bed, tired out, depressed, and, if awake, a little cross and discouraged. On Sunday, things are no improvement on week-days, my husband being churchwarden, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and

teacher of a young men's Bible-class. We literally see no more of one another than if we were the merest acquaintances, although we live under the same roof. As for social evenings, we never have them. There is a directors' meeting or a committee of the Provident Loan, or a State Board, or a Municipal Improvement Society, or something else, and John must be there. Will you think me very weak if I confess that this lonely life is wearing me out? Must it always be like this? Am I never to be anything to my husband but his house-keeper and the mother of his children? There are times when I feel as if I would like to snatch up Teddy and run away to the home of my girlhood, have the next baby there and never come back to this flavourless, tiresome, humdrum existence again."

There are women who out of their own experience understand precisely the mood in which this weary little woman spoke. At times when the burdens of maternity press heavily on the physical life, it is hard for a wife to be radiant and unshadowed if she feel that she is bearing her burdens alone. Every true-hearted woman desires that her husband should be a good citizen. We are told in the book of Proverbs that she who was a model wife looked well to the ways of her household, and

that her husband was known in the gates and honoured among the elders of the land.

The type of man who is purely domestic is not the most attractive. Every man owes part of his time, part of his strength, part of his intellect and income, to the community, but he owes to the home the major and not the minor part of himself and his personality.

The evenings given to official obligations, to politics, to charities and to church duties, should not be so multiplied that they absorb the whole seven in the week. For the sake of the family, and in justice to the wife, at least three evenings out of seven should be hers. Whether these evenings are spent at home or are occupied in social functions in which the wife has a share, must be determined by mutual consent. Husbands and wives who never go into society, who are so satisfied with one another that they sigh when the door-bell rings, refuse every invitation that they decently can, and live within the limits of their own house, will probably cease to grow and will become narrow and selfish as their years increase. There is a law of endless succession and progression in human life. We must give out as well as take in supplies if we would not stand still and become fossilized specimens.

A popular impression seldom expressed in concrete form, but vaguely present in many minds, is to the effect that a mother's heart must be completely filled and running over with bliss if only her babies are around her, safe and well. Truth to tell, there is no happier season in married life than that during which children are in the nursery, and although it is often a time of much care and much labour to the mother, it is a time of great satisfaction and enjoyment. Mothers not infrequently make the mistake in the excessive anxiety and preoccupation of their nursery oversight, of letting go their hold upon their husbands' thought and society.

It happens sometimes that a young wife bending over the cradle of her first-born, who in his rosy sleep does not especially need her, leaves to a solitary evening the man down-stairs. The young father is as proud of the baby as possible, but he does not find the baby so dominant that his cigar loses its flavour, or his book its zest, or that he does not want the company and the gay conversation of his wife. Very innocently the entering wedge is inserted when a mother acts as if her babies were more to her than her husband.

If there are not means and ways by which part of the maternal care may be delegated to other

hands, let the cradle stand as it once did in the living-room, and, as in simpler days, let father and mother both care for the little head on the pillow. Babies are absorbing, and little children charming, and nothing can ever take the place of that constant day-by-day training, line upon line, precept upon precept, that gives the trend for life in the earliest infantile years. This being allowed, let it be admitted also that it is far better for both women and men not to bound their horizon completely by their children. Who has not met the woman whose conversation began and ended with the recital of her children's sayings and doings, and a list of their maladies from croup to whooping-cough? Who has not met and pitied the father who was so fatuous in his regard for the olive branches around his table that he served them first, while their mother patiently waited her turn until the little tyrants had been appeased? "This home," I heard a man say, "is carried on for my children, and everybody else must abide their convenience."

How the children turned out I never knew. Fortunately, notwithstanding the folly at home, it is probable that their playmates and teachers educated the boys and girls in better ways than their parents did.

Why should not home be built on a basis of common sacrifices as well as on reciprocal attachment? People do not marry merely that they may be happy; they marry that they may help one another and the world. If the cases were reversed and the lonely evenings spent by many wives were meted out to their husbands, people would exclaim, and the protest would get into print. When, years ago, the first woman's club was started, the newspapers bristled with paragraphs quaking with horror. "Women would join clubs and neglect their families," was the almost universal cry. Before long it transpired that the woman's club was a harmless institution, partly a post-graduate school where girlish studies were reviewed, partly the old-fashioned mother's meeting, partly a social function for tea-drinking and luncheon, with never a loophole for domestic infelicity or neglect of wifely duties. Everybody accepted the club as an instrument of real benefit, and men almost immediately began to take individual pride in the Wednesday Mornings and Friday Afternoons of the village clubs. Were a woman deliberately to put on her hat and go forth evening after evening to attend some public gathering while her husband stayed at home and put the babies to bed, it would be an unheard-of

scandal ; the thing does not happen. Lonely evenings for husbands in the daily routine are exceptional unless the heats of summer drive women from home that little children may grow in health and beauty in the hills or by the sea. In our fiercely torrid climate there are breaks in home-life that cannot be helped when a man is tied to the counter and his wife must for a while convey the little ones to a cooler atmosphere. Exceptions of this description are accepted without a murmur by the indulgent and self-effacing American husband and father.

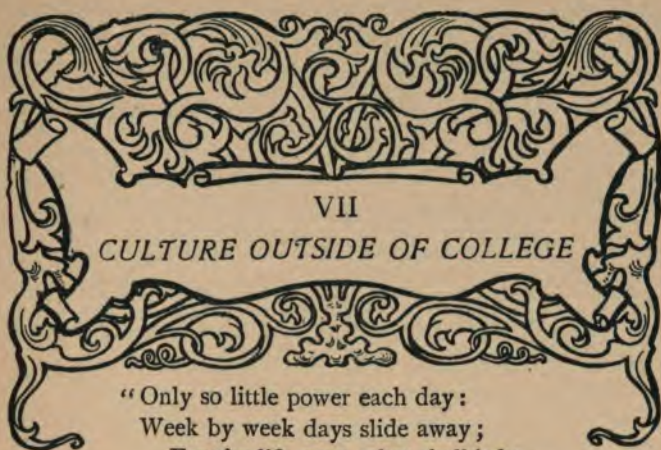
I heard the other day a pretty story of a mutually devoted husband and wife who spend their evenings together with a single reservation. On Saturday afternoon the husband is free from business, and he stays at home then, watching over and amusing the little one, while the wife takes her weekly jaunt. Saturday afternoon is hers for visiting, shopping or any other recreation she may desire. On Saturday evening, the husband goes to his club and the wife, refreshed by her outing, gladly releases him from attendance on her. This compact, made by two sensible and devoted people, is eminently wise, and their example is worth following.

Love of home is not the peculiar attribute of

either sex. Deeply rooted in human nature in every civilized land, the love of home belongs as much to men as to women. With passionate earnestness and with yearning homesickness, men under foreign skies look backward to the old roof and the old soil and the old associations. The soldier by the camp-fire far away seizes with eager hands the letter from home ; the man looking up from the deck of a vessel at unfamiliar skies wishes that he were standing by the gate with the day-lilies white in the sheen of the moon, and the scent of his father's pipe, homely and keen, seems wafted to him over leagues of land and sea. If a boy or man does not cling to his home, something has gone wrong with him. Home means to a man as much as to a woman, although his work is for it rather than in it, and his part of its actual labour is confined to the cellar, the barn, the furnace, the woodshed and the chores. When a man locks and bars his house at night and turns out the gas, though the home be ever so small and plain and ever so obscure, he has some glimmering of the feeling men had when they kept the medieval castle strongly entrenched by mote and draw-bridge, and defended it thus from all intruders.

A man's home is his best protection from those

unseen marauders that assault the soul and find for attack its weakest point. A good home furnishes a man with armour of proof against the wiles of the devil.



VII

CULTURE OUTSIDE OF COLLEGE

"Only so little power each day:
Week by week days slide away;
Ere the life goes, what shall it be —
A trade—a game—a mockery,
Or the gate of a rich Eternity?"



WOMAN of middle age whose early opportunities were few is sometimes very much disheartened when she compares herself with her friends, or, possibly, with her own children. She feels at a disadvantage in society and is keenly sensitive on the subject of her shortcomings. In company she inclines to silence rather than to speech, being aware of difficulties that are nonexistent for her clever sons and daughters. She does not want to make them ashamed. Her range is narrow. She has had little time for reading and less for society. Her days have been occupied literally in a routine of

tasks that have had more to do with body than with mind.

Probably this woman and others of her type should take courage. They exaggerate the situation. The deficiencies are less glaring than the partially educated imagine, life itself being the best of schools and experience the most successful of teachers. No one in the least receptive can spend the years between twenty and fifty in this country and this period without absorbing useful knowledge at every pore. We can turn nowhere without encountering something or somebody whose province it is, quite without intention, to give suggestions.

Wide-awake and energetic people are in a way independent of other culture than that which is imparted by the mere fact of living in a community where there are schools and churches. Even the duller and more lethargic are stimulated from time to time by the forces around them, forces quickening thought and broadening outlook. We cannot wholly escape the influences that belong to the era in which we live.

We will suppose, nevertheless, that our discouraged friend is right in her estimate of her ignorance of the subjects with which her acquaintances are familiar. We will suppose her thus illiter-

ate, fancy that her spelling is weak and her grammar faulty, and that she does not like to write a letter, because she is sure there will be blunders that would cover her with mortification if exposed. This is beginning on the ladder's lowest round, is it not? What shall this woman do?

I called one morning on my neighbour Mrs. H. I found her seated at a table, with a dictionary and a note-book before her. She looked up, and greeted me with a little laugh half of fun, half of embarrassment.

"You see," she said, "what I am doing. I am determined to know words, and this big book is full of them. I read and copy a column, hit or miss, every day, and I do believe I am learning to spell."

"But, dear Mrs. H.," I said, "you are taking the very hardest way to reach your end. Why not study Bobby's spelling-book and Jennie's reader? Then climb up to the lexicon later. Nothing in the world is so well adapted to the use of a beginner as a good school text-book in anything—in geography, grammar, history or science—and as for words, dear lady, the daily paper, the monthly magazine and the books you read are furnishing you with them; you have only to use your eyes, and when with other people, use your ears. Eyes

teach spelling, ears teach pronunciation, and attention does the rest."

"I am getting on pretty well with the dictionary," replied Mrs. H., "and I'll stand or fall by its aid."

She had been an orphan child, this neighbour of mine, in the long ago, and had been tossed like a ball from one home to another, seldom staying long in one school. Often three months in the year had been all the time she had spent in the schoolroom. At eighteen she had married a man of limited education, but of resourceful courage and talent. He had acquired large wealth, and the H.s' home was the finest in the town where they lived. Nothing to which an American child could aspire would be lacking to Bobby and Jennie and the rest of the brood, and as for Mr. H., he had grown and developed as he had mingled with men, and held his own among his peers with a rough bonhomie and a native shrewdness that fitted him for the occasion. Sensitive Mrs. H. was not satisfied to remain where she was without a brave endeavour to improve herself, and she attacked the matter with a systematic devotion that presently gave her large repayment. No one listening to Mrs. H. as she presided at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid or at her literary club,

as she did some years later, would have dreamed that she had picked up her knowledge of the fitting phrase by dint of daily delving in the dictionary.

Miss Mary Jordan, in her admirable book on "Correct Writing and Speaking," gives much good and practical advice to women at home who wish to improve in general and to add to their vocabulary :

"There is no more fascinating study to-day than that of words, and none that is of more practical value than this of their natural and acquired relationships. A quick feeling for verbal prejudices and preferences, an instinctive control of their waywardness, is the mark of a natural artist. The artist and the plain man have much of their vocabulary in common, and nearly all of their method in its use. But the bungler is known by the mischief he stirs up. The maladroit sets all the associations of the phrases to quarrelling, and defeats his own ends by the conflicting plans he suggests.

"Words should, then, be treated with consideration and respect. They are, in the last resort, the portrait one paints of one's interior self and ultimate ideals. Contributions to conduct, in the way of warning and reproof, are not superfluous even when they are minute or inquisitorial, but they are

likely to be over-charged with the personal experience of the adviser, and are at the best soon antiquated. There is a fund of curious learning to be gleaned from word-lists, dictionaries, and text-books of rhetoric."

Another excellent method of gaining every-day information is to read current news. We are confronted to-day by great issues. Never was an epoch so exciting. The woman who takes time daily to read about what is going on abroad and at home will find before long that she is not one whit behind her younger friends who have studied and worked under the most learned professors. Break up the fallow ground of your mind and sow it with the seeds of learning. Draw books from the nearest library, and firmly resist the temptation to read fiction exclusively.

Novels and romances have their legitimate office. They amuse and enliven the reader. The problem novel now so much in vogue is by no means easy reading. Philosophy, history and religion masquerade in the fiction of the day. But one would do well to read fiction sparingly if she is reading for intellectual discipline. The choice should be a book that compels thought and close attention. Back of personal improvement must be some hard work. Memory may be compelled

to perform excellent service. One may do whatever she have the will to do if resolute and persevering.

Here it is in order to introduce the woman's club. We women are given to frugalities. It does not befit our traditions to waste anything—time, money, or endeavour. The individual woman may be a reckless and improvident creature, but women in general are good economists. If one live in a little village where there is no club, she may take the initiative and organize one. At first it may be small, but it will grow. And if it does not grow, three or four women meeting regularly for a definite purpose will do very much better for themselves than each woman could hope to do in solitude. In the larger towns and cities large and popular clubs are numerous, and their waiting-lists testify to their importance.

A club usually outlines a course of study that may run over the months of a year. Topics are assigned to the members, who prepare papers in turn with such fidelity and research as they can bring to the task. These papers are read and discussed exhaustively.

At a club-meeting held in a small suburban town I have listened to essays, critical, historical and biographical, that would have done credit to

the alumnae of our most distinguished colleges, yet not one member of the club had ever gone farther than the usual high school curriculum. One whose home is too remote from neighbours to enable her to attend such an association, may avail herself of a correspondence school. A great deal of pleasure and satisfaction will thus come into her life, giving it what stay-at-home women most need—a vivid outside interest—and uniting her on the mountainside or the sheep-ranch with the great stirring world, where life rushes on with the speed of an express train.

The inevitable and cramping bondage of routine is responsible for the dullness of women. Nobody remembers precisely what she acquired in her schooldays. The most brilliant graduate of twenty years ago would not expect to pass triumphantly through the examination-papers that her daughter must face this year. A great deal that we receive from books is useful only by way of ballast or scaffolding. Its time of use passes, and we drop it, needing it no longer. In the early days we ought, if we can, to do regular work, and form habits of intense and concentrated application, not that we may cram ourselves with facts or inflate our vanity, but that we may have tools in our hands in after-life.

In active life we want relaxation, but do not want mere play. Sir Edward Burne-Jones held that nothing was so essential to any one as to learn how to know and love beauty. I think he was very nearly right. Vision and desire make us to differ from the plodder who never lifts his eyes from the ground.

A woman whose health was breaking from monotony, and who was resigning herself to the flatness and flavourless insipidity of a stagnant life, resolved to study some branch of the life about her. She chose the life of the birds. Patiently, minutely and lovingly, opera-glass in hand, she watched the little creatures who make nests in the trees and sing about the eaves. She grew five years younger in a single season. She noted the comings and goings of the birds, when they arrived, and when they departed in the spring and autumn, and as she entered into their realm of wings and songs her life took on a new brightness and zest. People began to say, "What a charming woman is Mrs. X. How much she knows! Why, she can tell me the most extraordinary things about the birds!"

Of course she could. She was using her eyes. Dr. Charles C. Abbott, a veteran observer, says:

"There is every year the one memorable morn-

ing when we can say, in broad terms, 'The birds are here.' When the oriole whistles from the tallest tree in the lawn; when the wren chatters from the portal of his old-time home; when the indigo-finch sings in the weedy pasture; when lispings warblers throng every tree and shrub; while over all, high in air, the twittering swallows dart in ecstasy; and at last, the day-long concert over, whippoorwills in the woods pipe their monotonous refrain. The Indians were right; when there came such days as this, they had no further fear of frost, and we need have but little. Our climate certainly has changed slightly since their time, but we have in such a birdful day an assurance that the clinging finger-tips of winter have at last relaxed, and his hold upon our fields and forests is lost."

At the moment there is a marked tendency to what may be called the cult of gardening. So decided is the impulse in this direction that there is almost a new literature on the subject, and books on the gentle art of cultivating flowers are sure of a ready and active sale. These excellent manuals tell any one who has a small plot of ground, and a wish to cultivate it, how she may do so with success. It is not botany in the scientific sense that a hard-working, tired-out woman longs for when she arrives at the point where she feels that she

must rest or die; it is a bit of Mother Earth, which at her bidding shall blossom as the rose. What shall she plant? Annuals, perennials, shrubs, bulbs, vines, vegetables or fruits? She has but to choose. A woman told me that her garden was about as big as the company table-cloth, but it was crowded with the dearest things the summer long.

One who gardens for the love of beauty will not be unprogressive. Wonderful secrets shall be hers; wonderful joys.

After all, it is joy that keeps us young, and work that makes life worth while. Not the drudgery that we hate, but the toil that we delight in, makes us good comrades on the road, agreeable neighbours and friendly companions in the household.

For her who may go where she will, who is not compelled to be always in one place, travel is a mode of improvement not to be despised.

One may go to Europe, Asia or Africa in this day with a speed and at a rate of expense that would startle our forefathers, could they return to earth. One may spend a fortune on foreign travel if one have the money and the wish to do so, but one may also travel modestly and comfortably at a trifling cost. Without superfluous luggage, carrying in a suit-case every necessary article for a

trip of eight or ten weeks, a woman may cross the Atlantic and spend a summer in England, Wales or Scotland, or at an objective point on the Continent, making trips at her discretion, her whole expenses included in two hundred dollars. The thing is possible and practicable, but demands adequate planning, and once accomplished, the traveller is forever enriched.

What of inspiration, of revelation, cannot the hitherto untravelled woman find in a summer jaunt in our own vast country, in a journey east or west, north or south. A trolley trip through any selected section may cost little in dollars, but will yield much in pleasant memories.

Travel with a camera. The gentle art of photography is within the reach of all. From every outing one may bring home souvenirs that shall adorn the home, form central figures in later study, and furnish food for agreeable reminiscences and pleasant talk around the evening lamp.

One word more: Never admit that you are in any vital way inferior to your next neighbour. What any one else has done, you may do. All education is not found in the schoolroom. Plenty of it may be acquired in the kitchen.

In a household of which I knew there were a mother and daughter united by no common ties

of sympathy and affection. The mother had not enjoyed early advantages of instruction, but she had a hunger for books, and in the meagre opportunities afforded by a life of incessant drudgery, she gleaned what she could from the pages of her favourite authors. She had a room at the top of the house, and here for an hour in the afternoon or in the evening when she could steal away from the group about the hearth, she meditated and studied, striving to hold fast to what she had. The daughter inheriting the maternal tastes and talents was able to go to school and college, returning from the latter with a disciplined mind enriched by familiarity with the best literature. The family fortunes had improved, and the mother had more time than formerly to devote to reading, but she had arrived at a period when the shadows fall and it is hard to maintain one's heart at even poise and fight against discouragement. She looked almost with envy at her highly educated daughter, and compared herself unfavourably with the child to whom she had taught the alphabet. The daughter, exercising marvellous tact and inspired by devotion and sympathy, met her mother more than half way, and led her gently into the paths hitherto closed to her feet. Morning after morning the two read and studied together. Day after

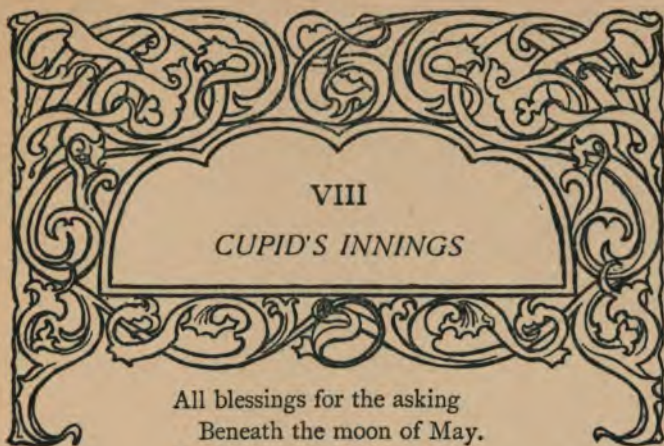
day they talked on themes broader than the trivial round of daily toil, and little by little they emerged upon a plane of common interest and congenial study brightening the mother's life and filling the daughter with satisfaction too deep for words.

If college means anything to a daughter it should spell culture to a mother who missed at an earlier time the opportunities that have been sown broadcast in the daughter's path.





Year by year the lilies open ;
Maidens hear what mothers heard,
And the guardian angels listen
To the lovers eager word.



VIII

CUPID'S INNINGS

All blessings for the asking
Beneath the moon of May.
Bend bravely to life's tasking,
Go gaily to life's play.



HE reigning sovereign of the nursery finds that province easier of administration than the one that later enlists her highest powers when the children advance to the threshold of maturity. Kindergarten, primary, grammar and high school successively set their stamp on the boys and girls, and the mother through each of these stages keeps her moulding hand on character and assists in shaping destiny. Then in turn follow the college and the university, the post-graduate and the professional course, and lo! the children are gone and in their place are the young people, the youth in his first pride of strength, the girl in the dawning flush of womanly beauty.

Parents breathe a sigh of relief when the last bills for school books and education are duly receipted and laid aside. In homes where means are limited the pull upstream has been long and hard, taxing every nerve and occasioning no little heroism of self-denial. No more money to be spent on the children's education, and the prospect that the son will soon be earning his own livelihood, and the daughter hers, if she desire, brightens the bit of road that now lies before the family.

As for the young people, they are in the happy whirl of opening life. No other season approaches it in vivid impressions, swift excitements and brilliant pageantry. The stir and rush and impetus surpass anything that has gone before. Nothing to come afterwards will equal this in fullness of delight. Without planning or effort the new generation steps to the centre of the stage and takes the word. The children so lately in the background are in the van and the chief interests of the home are focussed in their present and their future.

House-parties composed of classmates and friends monopolize home hospitality and actually compel matrons to send apologies to old acquaintances who are omitted from the list of summer visitors because in the surge of young life no space has been left for their entertainment. The happy

whirl draws into the rapids all the complacent elder kinsfolk in the circle, and nobody has a complaint to make, although expenses are not lessened and the bills, no longer paid to the schoolmaster, are now presented by the dressmaker and the tailor. The young people if circumstances permit, have their numerous trips and outings, and the happy whirl sweeps them along at the flood. Let no one shake a pessimistic head or waste a frown over this blithe transition time. Recalling youth from the hilltop of middle age, who does not know that inevitably it yielded its claims to the soberer demands of life in earnest. A quarter of a century hence the graduates of to-day must be bearing the heat and burden of the march, and it will be well for them if in the back of their minds they keep a charmed memory of this happy whirl. The old friends may bide their time; they are sure to be invited again when the young people advancing still a step further, are loosening a little their hold on the home that has brought them up.

Not for an instant is there abdication on the part of father and mother, or unless they are extremely weak do they cease their gentle control while their young people remain at home. The mother is still queen of her daughters. She is still the paramount influence in the hearts of her sons. The

father's counsel is valued and sought, and when necessity arises he gives the final decision, or, when his boys stand where two roads meet, he leaves them free to choose, knowing well that for a season they cannot be altogether independent of advice and material assistance.

A youth who has selected a profession or set his foot on the first round of the business ladder must needs draw for a time on the paternal purse. The length of the time will be determined partly by circumstances, partly by the fullness of his equipment and very largely by the stuff that is in him, the strength of his will and the steadiness with which he pursues his aim.

As for the débutante she is the star of the home. She has been a joy all her life. The home does not reckon in dollars and cents the pleasure she gives since to both parents she is a daily renewal of their own romance, and a sweet reminder of days gone by.

There are few prettier domestic scenes than that made by a mother whose own meridian lies fair in the sunshine, supervising the dainty toilets of a girl who is Sweet and Twenty. How she loves to finger the delicate filmy tissues, her eyes the while soft with radiant dreams. The father stands by making a pretense of displeasure at so much ex-

travagance, his pride flashing transparently through the masque like a gleam through a lantern.

The American husband occasionally revolts at the freedom with which his wife spends money. The American father bends his neck to the yoke if his dimpled daughter fasten it with a kiss and a hug of her slender arms, works harder if he must, and utters never a protest.

That young people should fall in love is to be expected, and that the tricky god with the bow and arrows should lie in wait for them is a matter of course. Although love apparently plays a subordinate part in the affairs of our twentieth-century sons and daughters, Cupid yet has his innings.

There are many reasons for his apparent repulses on the part of youth. But he holds a secure position, and Nature is on the alert to reinforce him when there are signs of defeat or wavering, and the little god is never wholly driven from the field.

The time devoted to preparation for life's activities is longer than formerly. Taking eighteen years as the average age at which a man enters the university, and giving him three years after graduation in a special school of law or medicine or science, he is twenty-five before he can be en-

rolled in the ranks of bread-winning men. Allowing several more years for the strenuous toil which is imperative before he is in receipt of an income on which to marry, a man is often thirty before he settles down as a benedict. If he does not go to college, but enters the army or navy, he yet seldom marries before thirty. To the clerk in the bank, the salesman in the business house and the man at the ledger the problem equally presents itself as bristling with difficulties, for a man who marries must provide a roof, fuel, food, a margin for possible illness, and raiment for himself and wife, and he does many a sum in arithmetic before he is quite ready to venture on all this.

Meanwhile Cupid pauses in his daring flight and points his arrows recklessly. Yonder quiet-looking youth, so correct as to tie and shoes and coat, so steady in attention to his daily duties, is smitten to the heart's core. There is a Florence, a Margaret, a Grace, that other fellows admire and flutter about, and he is afraid in the depths of his honourable soul that they will rush in and carry off the prize. The primitive instinct stirs within him. Oh, for the days when the warrior snatched the woman he chose *vi et armis* from the people who guarded her, and carried her in masterful

grasp to his tent to cook his meals and fasten his armour, and to be his very own.

Cupid has had his innings from the cave-dwellers' time until the highly civilized time of our troubled swain, bending over his figures in the counting-room or drumming on his desk in the office while he listens for the coming feet of patients or clients.

In the East and the more thickly settled older states the country—by which generic term I mean the rural village and the small town, as well as the farming-lands—is distinguished by its diminishing numbers of young men. There are girls in plenty—exquisite girls just reaching womanhood, and cultivated, charming girls in the serenity of the thirties, and other girls, so called by courtesy and custom, anywhere from forty to fifty. The neighbourhood is pervaded by women. As soon as young men arrive at a marriageable age they seek other localities where they may have a chance to get on, and they do not return to the old home looking for wives.

In the West, in some portions of the great South, and in the newer communities, men are in excess. They are consequently gallant and chivalrous to the other sex, whom they treat not with patronage, but with an old-fashioned homage.

They marry earlier than the citizens of the big towns. On the ranch a woman may be lonely, but she is very tenderly loved by the man who has sought her to be his life-companion.

In the mountains alike of the North and South young people are early ready to abandon the distinction and freedom of their first grown-up estate, and to settle down in marriage with rude appliances and few luxuries, and with the prospect of quiet and toilsome years. Saint Valentine in the hill country dresses in homespun, and the colour of his garb is gray. Yet in the tiny little homes, that will in due time expand for the housing of large families, there are health and good cheer, the mutual trust of husband and wife, and the loaf and cup shared equally by comrades leal and loving. Cupid has his innings here. From simple country homes have come our best and our noblest, our men foremost in council and most successful in careers beyond the rim of the mountains or the roar of the sea on the shore.

The parental attitude towards the marriageable son or daughter is diverse. As a rule a mother shrinks from the idea that she must yield her son to the life he will have away from her.

Your son's your son till he marries a wife ;
Your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life,
runs the homely distich.

"I love girls," said a candid mother, "until my sons begin to be interested in them."

That exactly describes the position ! A mother will not oppose nor stand in the way nor divert her son from the notion of marriage, but she would like to select his wife, and she is not easily pleased. The son does not seek help. He chooses for himself, and his mother, if she values his love aright, will receive the girl he chooses and treat her with tender regard. It is an old, old cry, that of Rebekah, "I am weary of my life because of these daughters of Heth." There are modern mothers who repeat that cry in their hearts.

"I suppose Marie makes Harold a good wife," says Harold's mother, "but I could indicate improvements in her management if I dared."

"Better not," the husband answers. "Better not, mother. You and I would not have liked interference in our day."

The mother who desires and furthers the early marriage of her boy is a little exceptional, and one may be sure that "on her tongue is the law of kindness," and in her spirit a large and sweet unselfishness. Fathers interpose very slight objections to the marriage of their sons, and they are apt to be devoted to their daughters-in-law, but they have their own pet aversion. A man would

feel distressed and mortified if nobody sought his daughters in marriage, but he cannot help a pang of jealousy when the girls begin to show preference for the men who haunt the house. When Blanche is engaged to Benjamin, Blanche's father may be resigned, but he is not exuberant. Dear dad will be decently civil to Benjamin and deprecatingly caressing to Blanche, poor child. In the seclusion of his dressing-room, while he shaves, and struggles into a stiffly starched shirt, the pater will express himself freely to the partner of his joys and sorrows, his one familiar confidante.

"Why could not Blanche have waited?" he growls. "I hate to see a daughter of mine throwing herself away on a popinjay like Benjamin!"

"Hush, hush, dear!" says the mother, her foot as ever on the soft pedal. Has she not had it there ever since Blanche was a baby?

However, when the young people announce their decision, and are fairly mated, the parents on both sides recover their equanimity and behave with the amiability proper in middle-aged people who have had their own romance and can now appreciate that of their successors.

The parental attitude of mingled dismay and resignation when it comes to marrying off daugh-

ters and seeing sons take wives is not surprising. The marriage of the children is a parting of the ways and a starting-point for other families, but it means the severance, at least partially, of old ties and the changing of existing conditions.

Longfellow, our finest poet of the hearth, in his beautiful idyl, "The Hanging of the Crane," has epitomized the story of the home, the married lovers who begin the building of the nest; the little ones around the table, the young people and their friends; then the flight from the nest and by and by the married lovers again at the table alone. In the Life of Sir Edward Burne-Jones towards the end of a story that has few parallels in homely simplicity and noble expansion, there is a similar touch. It is all beautiful all the way, the babyhood, the schooldays, the happy whirl, the gay voices, the blithe laughter, the unshadowed mirth, the times of courting and mating. The wedding bells ring, down goes the curtain, and the father and mother are temporarily saddened. Home is not quite itself and seems to lack motive and flavour.

It is perfectly legitimate and according to the custom that has obtained during immemorial ages that the young should gradually supplant the old and the new generation a little discount the one

that preceded it. But in the home realm parents and children stand closely together and it behooves the young people to be cautious lest they usurp privileges to which they have no right. Mothers are too ready to allow themselves to be effaced. Thoughtlessly and not of intention, the younger people may take possession of the little pleasures that the mother as thoughtlessly resigns.

When the young people monopolize the best of everything, wear the best clothing, take all the jaunts, go to all the picnics, sleigh-rides and concerts, and sit in the coziest corners every evening, with father and mother accepting second-best and sitting in the kitchen or the back bedroom, there is inequality. Strings are out of tune. The young girl does not mean to be unfair, but when she calmly assumes that her mother never wants an outing or a wholly new gown, while she lacks for neither gowns nor junketing, she is just a wee bit selfish. The young man who is so occupied with his multiplied engagements that even on holidays he has not an hour to spare for his home is oblivious to the gladness he might give by simply cultivating his own father and mother.

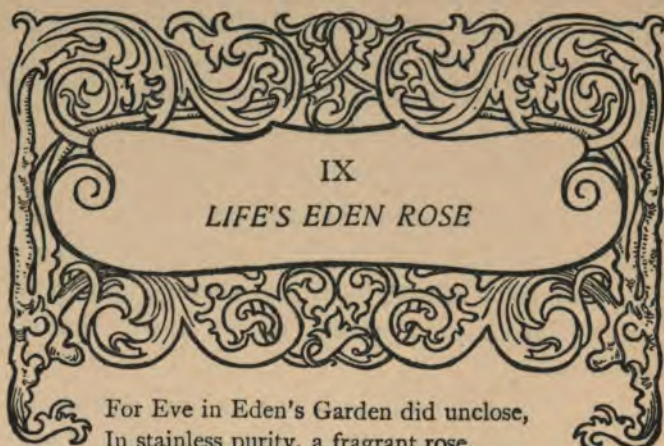
I once received an invitation that read in this manner :

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Lawrence
and the Young People of Their Family
At Home
First Thursdays, Evening, till April.

The invitation came in late November. The wording was novel, but the impression was charming, and as charming were the evenings devoted that winter to their friends by this ideally united household.

Do not fancy, you who are in the heyday of youth, in the midst of the happy whirl, that those older than you have bidden good-bye to love and longing. To the last day of life there are chords in the heart that respond to the touch of love, there are moods of the heart that are tinged with a tender sympathy. Some of us never grow old, as some of us were never really young. The latter cannot understand young people. The former adore and envy them.

Love hath its seasons as the planet hath —
Blossom and fruit, shorn field and aftermath,
Sheer wintry whiteness when the days are brief,
The nest, the song, the glory of the sheaf.
And all athrill with gladness in their turn,
And all alive, as those who breathe and yearn,
Yet patient in their lot and strong abide,
In each successive hour glorified.



For Eve in Eden's Garden did uncloze,
In stainless purity, a fragrant rose.
To Eve's fair daughters until Time shall end
The Eden rose in sweetness shall descend,
And for an hour diffuse its perfume rare
In heavenly fragrance on the common air.



LIFE'S Eden rose is the rose of love.
Let us hope that somewhere on
life's road it shall bloom for every
woman. Perhaps there are those
who see it only in their dreams ; for
others it makes a transient fragrance ; to uncounted
thousands it is the bringer of the glory of life, fill-
ing heart and home with joy, lightening sorrow,
easing burdens, and gilding the daily task with
pleasure.

Through the years of her childhood the little
maid carries the mystic rosebud folded closely in

her breast, but she does not know it is there. You see her expending the passion of motherhood on the doll that is to her as real as she herself to her mother, the child of her care and the pride of her heart. As girls cross the invisible boundary line and leave childish things behind, they begin to dream, and in many ways they are puzzling and baffling to themselves as well as to their elders. Mothers, unfortunately too often, forget how they felt when they were girls, and the strange fancies and half formulated thoughts of their daughters pass them by.

It is to be regretted that we soon cease to cherish sentiment, and so easily suffer ourselves to be overborne by the practical affairs of life, oblivious of the fact that however honeyed the cup, sentiment is the rose leaf that floats on its surface.

Mr. Gradgrind with his blatant clamour for facts, is not one to value the Eden rose. In his garden it is winter-killed. Wheresoever man or woman sets money above pure sentiment, the Eden rose droops and dies. Let the element of the bargain counter creep in as an ingredient in match-making and the Eden rose is cheapened and transformed into a tawdry and artificial flower.

Love is the birthright of youth and the corona-

tion of age. Love is the one quality that strong as death, survives the grave. One is sorry for many wrecks in this world, sorry most for the wreck of Sentiment in a young soul. A girl's heart, and a man's, should not be like a scorched field, burned over by a wasting flame. Cynicism, unbelief, sordid buying and selling do not belong to the hour of the Eden rose. That hour is for enthusiasm, for daring, for high resolve and the pursuit of the ideal.

This being admitted, it must be confessed that neither youth nor maiden always marries the actual altar-ego in whose hand has been carried love's Eden rose in the days of courtship.

Thomas Hardy in one of his mournful ironies of life describes a character whose ideal constantly flitted from form to form, never locating herself long in one being, but always moving on to the ultimate despair and destruction of its victim. Of fickle souls like that of Mr. Hardy's hero, the every-day world has few, the vast majority making a brave effort for self-comprehension and steadfast integrity. In the roseate morning of romance young people innocently attribute qualities to the well beloved that the well beloved have never dreamed of possessing.

A romantic girl invests an ordinary good fellow,

clean, robust and honest, with knightly qualities and chivalrous notions of which he has not learned the alphabet.

A fastidious man meets a beautiful girl, sweet with the charm that belongs to life's morning, and immediately fancies her an angel. After a while, if either be disillusionized, if the man discover that his idol has flaws and the girl that hers has feet of clay, the petals of the Eden rose go drifting down the wind.

A glance at current literature shows that our novelists no longer paint as blighted beings girls who do not marry before they are twenty. One reads very little about detrimentals in fiction, and the managing mother is a figure of the past. She has gone with the heroines who were accustomed to faint at the slightest provocation, and who when not fainting were dissolved in tears. When I was a child I learned and recited an old poem of which the first couplet was :

How fair is the rose just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed

I remember only those two lines, but the eighteenth-century heroines were very often like roses just washed in a shower. Mothers among us are in no haste to get rid of Sylvia and Amy ; the one

is probably editing a department in a newspaper, and the other acting as physician in a girls' school. When they do marry they will be better wives for the experiences they have had in the world, and they never will have had for a moment the slightest consciousness of being on exhibition and in the market.

Theoretically, a man is supposed to choose his wife for himself, and he certainly has the advantage in that he is the one who makes a proposal, and she is the one who accepts or rejects an offer made. Practically as much choosing is done on one side as on the other, and the ordinary girl with the usual opportunities of meeting agreeable young men of her own station in life may choose for herself.

What characteristics should a girl ask for in the man to whom she is to surrender herself, giving up her own name and taking his; merging with his her interests in life, and becoming for the rest of the years identified with him in the closest intimacy and friendship possible to humanity? Very young girls are often dazzled by external graces and accomplishments. If they have been brought up in a plain way and accustomed to somewhat simple manners on the part of their home people, they attach undue importance to the polish and urban-

ity of a stranger whose air is cordial and whose tones are more sympathetic than those of the men around them. Not by any means are cordial manners to be discredited. Nothing in the world is finer than the manner of a true gentleman, and when it is the expression of an inward goodness, it far surpasses any mere beauty of person or other attraction. The first necessity in choosing a companion for life in either sex is to find rectitude, honour and sincerity. A little roughness may be pardoned if there are back of it honest integrity and worth.

A girl sometimes hesitates to accept a man whom she is almost sure she loves because he lacks the refinement or courtesy that comes from contact with society. I say *almost* sure, for it is by no means certain that a young girl knows her own mind at first. She is shy and diffident, and she feels that much is trembling in the balance, and it is not easy for her to yield herself to the first suitor who appears seeking her hand.

Externals count for much. We can hardly put too high a value on charm of manner, and yet that which is of the outside may be acquired if only there be truth and honour at the basis of character.

Another admirable and indispensable requisite in the character of a husband is good temper.

A girl who happens to marry a fault-finding, fretful, irritable man who flies off at a tangent, and forgets politeness and chivalry if his coffee be muddy or his breakfast late, is much to be pitied. Mothers have the making of husbands, and there are mothers and mothers. Some of them appear to begin when the boy is in kilts as if their one purpose were to spoil him for all comfortable mingling with the world forever after. They indulge his every caprice; they allow him to be rude and boorish in the home, and by the time he has found some lovely girl and courted her his habits are fixed and his temper is anything but saintly. The surprising thing is that the mother who has spoiled her boy will probably continue to regard him as precisely the exemplary being he ought to be to the end of the chapter.

A quality that a girl should desire in a husband, but which is seldom exacted, is thrift.

Her parents should in such ways as are open to them protect her from marrying a dissipated man or one who is a spendthrift. Husband means house-band, and a man who is to be the breadwinner must not, if there is to be happiness, be so devoted to his own pleasures that they will be paramount.

Romantic girls are often attracted by black

sheep. They sometimes think it is their duty if a lad who has started on the down-grade, and who admits that he has been sowing wild oats, professes love, to marry him in order to his reformation. Unless a man be thoroughly reformed before courtship, he will hardly become so after marriage.

A fourth quality that lovers should take into account is decision of character and a firm belief in God. A girl cannot safely commit the happiness of her life to a man who either boasts that he is an unbeliever or airily ignores the whole matter, as if only he were in the universe, and he held no relations to its Creator and Ruler.

Everything that has been said about the husband is equally applicable to the wife. A wife on whom the well-being and contentment of her home are to depend must be true and loving and good-humoured and resourceful, prudent and able to tide over emergencies without losing her head. Self-control is the most invaluable requisite in a wife. She will need it a thousand times a year in little things and in great.

This life of ours is full of unexpected surprises, of disasters and pains that cannot be foreseen, as well as of overbrimming joys. On the wife is placed the responsibility of caring for the home

itself; she entertains the guests, managing the more or less uncertain help; takes care of the children when they come and brings them up, and always aids her husband in the various crises of life to be at his best. She is most likely to keep his love if she have a fund, not merely of good temper, but of fun and good cheer. Men are a little disposed to be wet blankets at the best of times. Perhaps ages of action, of fighting with their enemies, of meeting obstacles, have made them readier than women to see the dark side and look at the dangers in the way. A man is seldom so mercurial that he rises quickly from a disappointment, and it is his almost spontaneous impulse to veto a proposition and predict failure for every new enterprise. Whether it be a journey or a change of residence or a new suit for Tommy or another school for Eleanor, the man instinctively says, "Let well enough alone." It appertains to the wife to be the pioneer, to overcome the tendency to cloudiness by her own indomitable courage, and to wave a defiant flag in the very face of misfortune.

I cannot put too much emphasis on the fact that the woman who is going to be a happy wife must pin her faith on something higher than this world.

An unspeakably sorrowful story ran a while ago through a popular magazine, a story assumed to be fairly representative of a section of society known, for want of a better name, as the Smart Set. It was a story that left in the mouth an acrid taste as if one had eaten apples of Sodom. The men were shallow, unscrupulous or brutal; the women vain, designing and stupid; the mothers were travesties on maternity, and the poor heroine trained in every social art, was finally beaten in her losing battle, and died miserably like the bird that dashes out its life against a beacon in a storm. Such a book does not describe American society, except in a pitiable minority, and such a story points but one moral, that there is neither safety nor dignity in the desert places outside Christianity and good morals.

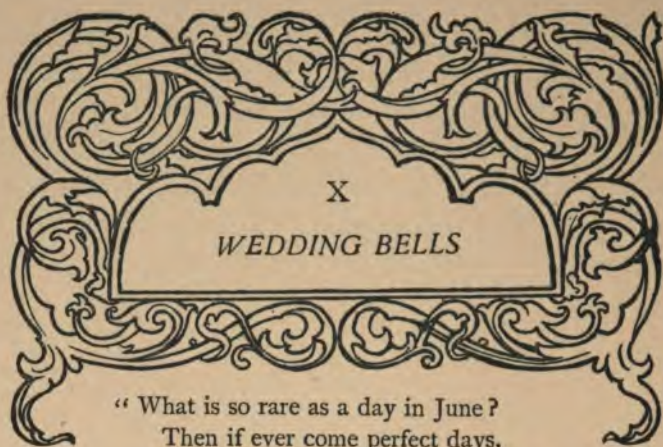
As I think of our girls, I see before me earnest faces full of charm and vivacity.

I see wholesome, bright, blooming specimens of young womanhood, full of health, full of hope, full of purpose. They are high minded and large hearted, and among the best signs of the times is their turning more and more to the home life when they can, rather than to outside fields of work. Life's Eden rose for a girl blooms in the home. It blooms when she finds one whom she loves and

whom she can accept as her comrade and friend, whom she can respect, esteem and trust, as well as adore. Adoration may be taken for granted on both sides at first, but it is not so beautiful in the early dawn as when it lasts through the vicissitudes of the years, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and grants them joy in the end. All the lovers are not young lovers. There are silver-haired people who have tested one another through storm and stress, and love one another more than they did on the wedding day.

A friend showed me one day an invitation she had received to a more than golden wedding. It was the wedding of a pair who had been married sixty years. In the upper left-hand corner of the card were the photographs of the youthful pair in the heyday of the twenties. The lad, buoyant, enthusiastic, eager, looking as if ready to start on the race; the girl, sweet, modest, womanly, with a world of faith and hope in her delicate face; both were beautiful then. In the lower left-hand corner were the pictures of the benignant old couple at eighty; the man resolute, determined, with strong lines in his face, softened by white hair, straightforward, a sincerity of gaze that was as fine as the look of youth had been; the matron, tender, gentle, winning, as charming in her age as

she had been in her love's bright morning. Between the two dates what a lifetime of love there had been for these comrades on the road who had brought up children and embraced grandchildren, and kept in their home the fragrance of the Eden rose the entire way.



"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days,
Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And softly above it her warm ear lays."



JUNE is become the favourite month of the year for weddings, though people are married every month in the calendar. But when the roses are in bloom, and the sky is cloudless, and the air is soft and caressing, Nature furnishes the prettiest setting for a bride, and the hour seems auspicious for the starting of a new home. "Happy is the bride on whom the sun shines" has passed into a proverb, and the sun is almost sure to shine on the bride of June.

If then there is a wedding in the family, it is the consummation of a great many blissful and busy hours. First there were the days when Alfred



Only mother's hands can fasten
For the maid, the bridal veil,
When a mother yields her treasure
To a love that shall not fail.

began often to call on Edith, and a pleasant acquaintanceship changed into something more intimate, a dearer friendship, a subtler understanding.

The relation between mother and daughter is so vital, and the former so adores the latter when she emerges from childhood into her grown-up estate, that she cannot let this beautiful period slip away, and a different period begin, without feeling a pang, almost a wrench. Just as Edith is old enough to be her companion, to enter into her life as only a daughter can, along comes Love, an imperious claimant, and snatches her away. The mother cannot complain. She herself was wooed and won in her day of girlish beauty and triumph. It is the way of the world—and who shall question it?—but successive mothers resign their cherished children to the outside interest and the outside joy, with always the same heartache.

Once openly engaged the young people belong to one another, and as all the world loves a lover congratulations flow in from the kinsfolk near, and the wider circle of friends at home and abroad. Everybody concerned feels a thrill of pleasure, and shares in the ever-new, ever-old romance. What would life be worth shorn of romance? Never fear that we shall have an insufficiency of prose in

the day's work. That may be counted on with confidence. What we want is poetry, with its lilt and swing and uplift, its soaring away to the blue sky from the lower levels on which we tread. In the halcyon season of betrothal the lovers are living in the realm of poetry.

After an interval the household and the friends settle down to the fact of an engagement, and then naturally the query presents itself, "When are the young people to marry?"

Occasionally there are excellent or compulsory reasons for a long engagement; an engagement of indefinite duration is sometimes entered upon, when a girl is bound by circumstances to remain with invalid or infirm parents or to play the part of caretaker to motherless brothers and sisters. Or the man may not yet have a firm standing in the business world; he may have obligations to his own people that handicap him; he may not have completed his professional equipment, and may have several years of study and waiting before him. In such case on either side prudence would dictate that both should be left free, and that no engagement should be considered. But lovers do not take counsel of worldly prudence or cool discretion.

Alfred can take no risks about Edith. He de-

sires the assurance that one day, a day for which he will work with unflagging energy, she will become his own. Edith is in no haste to be married, but she does deeply care for Alfred, and is content with an understanding or a betrothal that leaves the wedding-day hidden in the mists of an unknown future. The girl is more patient than the man, other things being equal, under the strain of a long engagement.

For it is certain to be a strain. Unless, providentially, the engaged pair live far apart, so that they can seldom meet, the chances are that they will spend so many evenings together in the wastefulness of talk that they will finally lose the glamour of enchantment that should be theirs, and grow tedious to one another. When an engagement stretches over five years, or six, or seven, the result is an unnatural situation with embarrassments of its own. Conversation languishes. The lovers resort to instructive books which they dutifully read aloud in the long evenings.

There descends on them an oppressive sense of having little to anticipate. The girl begins to feel the pressure on her nerves, and, it may be, is irritable and fretful. The man chafes at the delay, and is a bit arbitrary; or, worse still, falls asleep to the monotonous music of the loved one's voice

as she reads. She is vexed, and friction is often repeated, until possibly the engagement breaks, like a tautly twisted rope that has a weak strand in the middle.

Of course, there are long engagements that eventuate in happy weddings, but there are fewer of them than of the others that have a disappointing end, after wasted years—years that the locusts of hope deferred have eaten, years that have brought rust and tarnish to the glittering shield of love.

Provided, however, that the engagement has been of normal length, not exceeding at the most two years, that it has met the hearty approval of all interested, and been duly announced, the trousseau looms large in home discussions. When there is a parental purse of gratifying depth, and the daughter may draw on her father's bank account at discretion, the matter is very simple. It then implies only selection and an order on milliner or dressmaker, which lifts the burden from the mother's shoulders.

This is the easy province of the minority. The majority are obliged to plan and contrive and consider, that Edith may go to the house of her husband in such attire and with such plenishing as shall do credit to her family.

Joyful beyond words is this planning and contriving. The woman who does not know the rapture of successful good management in so feminine a campaign has missed the sweetest draught in life. There is five times the pleasure in evolving an exquisite outfit for Edith from materials sought with eager zest, at a cost that does not too greatly tax the family means, than there is in languidly giving orders and drawing checks. In other words, the idle rich can never attain so high a degree of satisfaction in this familiar enterprise as the thrifty poor. The bride whose raiment represents to her and her people a little self-denial and a good measure of loving altruism will take more pride in it than she to whom pretty frocks and hats have meant nothing since her childhood days. Every purchase is a victory.

In an old idyl, sweet with pure sentiment as the attar of rose, we have these words:

The king's daughter is all glorious within.
Her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be
brought unto the king in raiment of needlework.

The bride, in her virginal whiteness, with her exquisite attire, has been the theme of song from ancient days.

She carries with her to the new home what

store she may of dainty linen for domestic use. In Holland when the maiden is in her cradle, her mother begins the preparation of a chest of linen for the bridal hour. Woven and bleached, hem-stitched and embroidered, the stock of linen given a Dutch or German bride may last during many years of a lifetime.

A grandmother with a feather bed is a boon, for though feather beds are out of fashion, cushions are not, and home-made ones are very desirable.

No bride should reach her wedding day weary and worn out with sewing and stitching, with fitting and trying on.

A bride who is to be much in society, receive and pay a great many visits, and attend a variety of functions, must be provided with more toilets than one who anticipates a retired life. Yet even she need not be encumbered with superfluous clothing.

And the bride who shall begin her new life in a village or small town, or in the country, where she will be much alone, is most unwise if she include in the list of her wearing-apparel too great a number of unnecessary gowns.

The bride's family assume the wedding expenses, leaving to the groom only the ring, the bride's bouquet, the bridesmaids' flowers, the

clergyman's fee and the payment for the carriage in which the newly married pair start on their wedding journey.

It behooves him not to be absent-minded in his new responsibility. I met a youthful husband once who admitted to me that on the wedding journey he wholly forgot at setting out that he must purchase tickets for two. And I have heard of one, just married within the hour, who, happening to meet a man he knew in the railway waiting-room, engaged him in a hot political discussion, and the train whirled away, carrying a forlorn and forgotten bride, who had to be reassured by a telegram at the next station, and to wait there alone until her spouse could join her.

When the sacred words have been spoken, the vows pledged, the congratulations given, and the bride and groom speeded off with friendly wishes, old shoes and grains of rice, the reality of it all comes over them. At last they are alone. From now they belong each to the other. Where shall they live? I hope not in a boarding-house of any description, from the most palatial hotel to the least pretentious of cheap homes in a decadent city neighbourhood. A home by themselves, though very humble, very tiny, is what the newly mar-

ried pair should have, if possible, especially in the first year of their union.

Now and then a man takes his wife, or a wife asks her husband, to live with a mother-in-law—his mother or hers. When this arrangement is imperative it must be accepted with what grace can be summoned, but it is seldom a desirable arrangement. In the early months of married life Alfred and Edith must make acquaintance over again. No matter how well they have known one another, there are surprises for them in the closeness of their blended living.

Edith may resent Alfred's renewed enthusiasm for business, resumed at once when the wedding journey is over. A woman is often at a loss to comprehend the readiness with which a man sets her in the background of his life. It is a hallowed background and she is in a shrine and he worships her, but it is a background, nevertheless. Other things—money-making, politics, inventions, church-work, professional activity, charities—throng on his time and thought. Love invests all life for him with a halo, but love is not for him the whole of life. He could not do a man's work if it were.

So, with Edith ; she is devoted to Alfred, but she still finds it part of the joy of existence to

spend days with her mother, and to fritter away time on various trifles which seem insignificant to Alfred. She is sometimes cross, and he brusque.

If the two are alone, petty differences do not grow into squabbles. Little quarrels are quickly made up. Neither tries for the last word. Neither is sullen and unforgiving. But a spectator, especially a spectator who may easily be a partisan, fans a breath of flame into a blaze. Alfred's mother may not be quite fair to Alfred's wife. Her mother may do the worst thing in the wide world—pity Edith because Alfred is so unreasonable.

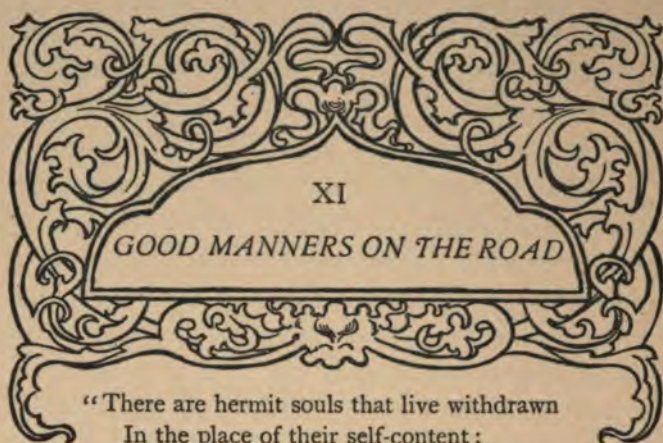
When people have been some time wedded, and grown used to one another, and familiar with one another's little ways, there is less peril from the presence of an outsider in the home. The two mothers by that time will fall smoothly and easily into the place they ought to occupy, the place of the dearest and most honoured friends. Just at first let all young people who can, abide together in the sweet solitude of a home that is only large enough for two, whether it be a mansion or a cottage. No house was ever yet discovered that ideally sheltered a fragmentary family at the outset. It may be added, that whenever practicable, a young couple should try to own some bit of

ground, and have their home as a possession, instead of paying rent. Those who live in crowded cities must usually forego this pleasure. But the country is wide, and the aim of the householder should be to own a house as soon as possible.

So far back in history as in the tender story of the betrothal of Isaac and Rebecca, beautiful and sumptuous gifts were bestowed upon the bride. Up to this day, in every civilization under the sun, young people properly set some store of hope, as to the furnishing of their home, in the probable number of their wedding presents. Nothing comes amiss. One may spend as much money or as little as he or she can in choosing gifts for the first wedding. The later anniversaries—wooden, paper, crystal, silver—with the others of lesser note that come between, up to the golden wedding, provide for gifts of a limited description. Not so with the original wedding. Here china, silver, cut glass, books, pictures, lamps, jewelry, rugs, linen, lace, mahogany, curios, chairs and tables, everything useful and everything decorative, fit into the catalogue of things that may be bestowed on a bride and groom. They should be acknowledged as soon as possible after their receipt, by a written word from the bride, signed

with her maiden or her married name according as they arrive before or after the wedding.

Heaven bless the brides of June, and the brides of all the year. Heaven bless their husbands, too. May they look upon marriage not as an arrangement of convenience, to be dissolved for any slight cause, but instead, as a sacrament which has God's sanction and cannot be lightly broken without committing sin. The words of the marriage ritual pledge each partner to lifelong fealty, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, in sickness, and in health, till death do us part! So much depends upon the stability of the family and the sacredness of the home in our national life that this subject is of all others important in the consideration of all who are contemplating marriage.



"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content ;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament ;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran.
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."



VERY one is familiar with the imperious conductor who insists with his "step lively, please," that you shall hurry as you get into the car. Most people resent this peremptory order, and feel a bit ruffled as the car starts forward with the customary jerk, and they either fall abjectly into a seat or clutch with frantic haste the first convenient strap.

A friend of mine coming from a quiet inland city to a bustling seaport town, heard the "step

lively" of the car conductor with some surprise. Fortunately for herself she took her seat without losing her balance; then lifting her benignant face, framed in the soft dove-coloured Quaker bonnet, she gazed at the brusque young man who came to collect her fare. "What is thy name?" she said.

Rather surprised in his turn, he meekly replied, giving Christian and surname.

"Friend William Blank," the passenger observed, still looking steadfastly at him, "thee would not have said 'step lively' to me had thee known that I was ninety years old."

The conductor touched his cap, begged her pardon, and when the lady of ninety left the car he assisted her descent with the gallantry of a knight of old.

In the swift rush of city life it is probably out of the question that public conveyances should await the leisurely progress of travellers, whether old or young. The cars leave their terminals at either end on schedule time, and no doubt it is often very difficult for them to accomplish their transit without overrunning their allotment. Nevertheless, we are fain to wish that public officials of every variety would consult ordinary forms of politeness in their manner of address. Courtesy oils the

wheels of life and diminishes friction. We suffer more or less from friction many a time when nothing is gained by it. On the contrary, the person who receives a request affably and gives information pleasantly adds zest to the commonplace day.

Waiting one day at the terminal of a great railway, I was impressed by the bearing and patience of an elderly man whose post of duty was at the window of an information bureau. The passing throng continually halted in his presence, and men and women asked him questions, each of which he answered with the grace of a Chesterfield and the amiability of an indulgent father. I happened that day to be in the depths of ignorance myself as to certain trains and connections, and having no talent for topography I did not at once understand his directions. He repeated them with a courtesy that was a compliment. I thought as I left him that he belonged to the race of benefactors, and that although I did not know his name, and his work in the world was obscure as compared with that of a general or a statesman, it was not less influential and important.

When one thanks the big policeman who escorts her across a crowded thoroughfare, or arrests automobiles and carriages that she may safely reach the curb, and that functionary smiles and

says, "Don't mention it," one goes on her way encouraged and rejoicing. These little acts and little words of the pure gold of goodness are in the nature of small change. Yet there are times when a little small change in the purse is more useful in serving the moment's need than a bill in the pocketbook, too large for the occasion. Some of us forget this in our manners on the road. We are not without the conspicuous virtues of honesty, integrity and high principle, and they respond in magnitude and purchasing power to the large bill, but to the discomposure of our families and friends we have far too little of the small change of gentleness, kindness and urbanity.

I have known more than once a good man who was arrogant, critical and inconsiderate in his home; whose ill temper was dreaded, although his generosity was never doubted. I have known many women with warm hearts and loving impulses who were so difficult to live with in the ordinary intercourse of the household that every one around them had the sensation of treading on thin ice, or, to use an opposite metaphor, of plunging into hot water at an instant's notice. Every thoughtful woman must agree with me that it is a duty surpassing all others to cultivate the art of adjusting home relations peacefully. One hears

it said of some one who has remarkable qualities of directness and capability, "She would be charming if she were not so stiff and unbending, but we cannot expect perfection." Whether we expect it or not perfection should be our aim, and charm is the coronation of womanhood. No woman has the least right to be stiff and unbending, when she might by a little effort be charming as well.

In many states there is an annual moving day. All over this continent the tendency is nomadic. As we began when the early settlers came hither to push ever outward and onward, so we continue changing our place of abode with wonderful ease and celerity, seldom striking roots deeply, and for reasons of health, business, economy, or education, shifting our quarters with caprice or intention, and without very much regret.

The element of permanence has not established itself in a land where the rich are always journeying about for pleasure and the poor are flitting to and fro in the hope of growing rich. I know of few experiences in life that test our mettle and demonstrate the quality of our self-restraint as that of a removal from one home to another. The amount of forbearance necessary in packing and carrying one's goods and chattels from flat to flat, house to house, or village to village, is immense,

and if we succeed in exercising it there will be a balance to our credit on the recording angel's book. A woman or a man who goes through the ordeal of the annual house cleaning, to say nothing of moving, without a tremour, partakes indeed of the angelic. Oddly, men are apt to be much more upset by these domestic upheavals than women, although they may be spared most of the fuss, and simply walk out in the morning and in at night, with little to do, while their wives have had the heavier end all day long.

My point is that extraordinary crises in home life are extraordinary opportunities for showing real unselfishness and making others happy under difficulties.

Our manners on the road are not to be company manners. In the pretty story told by Barrie in "A Window in Thrums," Jess, dear old soul, put on her company manners and spoke in an Englishy voice when strangers called. Jess is not the only one who puts on a soft and cooing voice when addressing strangers, while she takes little trouble about the people in her family. On the road of life it is as well to remember that we must not let ourselves be too much jostled when we rumble over stones or jog over "thank-you-ma'ams." Our occasionally moving, need not deprive us of

our manners or our mirth. The sensible woman is she who sees the fun of things, and meets infelicities with good humour. There is fun to be found everywhere if only we look for it as bees for honey.

Manners indicate character. They may be engraved with the pen of a diamond, and cut deeply into memory. They are not mere appendages and frills; they belong to warp and woof. Good manners in the guest, good manners in the hostess, good manners in business, above all the good manners learned at the mother's knee, conform to the Golden Rule. By way of illustration, let me tell a homely story.

In a manufacturing town situated in the Middle West two young women lived in intimate friendship, working side by side in an office for several years. After awhile, Adelaide married and went to live in a town of fifty miles away. Hortense was her maid of honour at the wedding, and when months later Hortense had a vacation she naturally went to spend it, by urgent invitation, in the home of Adelaide. The latter welcomed her with open arms, installed her in the dainty guest chamber, and omitted no possible attention that could add to her comfort. Trips and excursions had been planned beforehand, and

Adelaide eagerly anticipated showing Hortense the points of interest around her home. But Hortense thoughtlessly proceeded to ignore her hostess. She addressed her conversation almost exclusively to the latter's husband, played and sang during entire evenings, while Adelaide, who did neither, sat by, feeling out of it and neglected. By the time the guest took her departure the hostess was resigned to letting her go, and rather wearily took up her burden of life, regretting that she was not musical, and that she had not the art of telling droll stories.

I am willing to believe that Hortense transgressed the canons of good taste and good feeling without intention, and in pure girlish ignorance. Nevertheless, she was far from being an ideal guest. It happens to most of us to be placed where a little self-effacement is appropriate. Adelaide's husband was to blame, for he ought not for an instant to have allowed his wife to be neglected, nor should he have given so much attention to his wife's friend that the poor little woman was induced to make comparisons detrimental to herself.

The truth of the matter is that a loving and faithful husband takes for granted his wife's belief in him not only, but her entire union and absorp-

tion to that degree that he cannot understand her having sharp pangs of jealousy over trivial causes. But hearts are too delicate to be playthings, and in our manners on the road we shall do well to bear this fact in mind. To go a step farther, the most perilous thing that enters into married life is the formation of intimate relations between a wife and her husband's friend, or a husband and his wife's friend of the other sex. Nothing is more delightful and nothing safer than friendships existing among groups of young married people where all are good neighbours and comrades, but the moment, through some fancied affinity, these relations become personal and exclusive, and there is segregation of two from the others, mischief is inevitable.

Want of consideration and disloyalty are cardinal vices in home life. Fidelity not merely to the letter of vows, but to their spirit, underlies the foundations of the family and is the only rock on which an enduring edifice can be built. There are women who need a caution lest they ask too much. For example, Philip's wife expects her husband to agree with her in everything. She does not hesitate to say, "If I dislike a man or a woman, if I criticise a picture, if I object to a play, or find a novel tiresome, I think that Philip

should not differ with me, but accept my views as if they were his own."

I am sure the majority will see that should Philip do this he would degenerate into an echo of his wife, and be a colourless, uninteresting and, on the whole, a rather poor specimen of manhood. Neither husband nor wife should exact this concert of agreement, nor should people residing under the same roof be always of the same mind. Singularly one meets the type of person not infrequently who is exasperated and annoyed if her relatives and friends are not willing to think and speak as she does. In social intercourse everywhere there must be freedom, or else there will be tyranny and the sensation of a chain.

Courtesy in places of public amusement and in public conveyances marks the conduct of the lady or the gentleman. Certain unformulated laws govern the well bred as they pass one another on the journey of life. Loud talking and the mention of names in public are under the ban, and are not to be indulged in, however great the temptation. Why should we not exclude from our conversation comments on and criticisms of our friends? A mother who has brought up four daughters successfully, so that their sweet and gracious womanhood is a delight in the ever-widening circles of

society into which they go, was asked what had been her secret. "I tried," she replied, "never to coerce individuality, and never to insist that my girls should adopt my opinions unless they agreed with them. But I made it an invariable rule that our table talk should never be about friends and neighbours."

There are times and seasons when it is extremely out of taste to carry on private conversation, as before church begins, or during a sermon, or at a concert or the opera, or anywhere or at any time when conversation may interrupt the devotion or the enjoyment of others.

The wearing of a large hat that obscures the vision of those behind it is a violation of good manners on the road, and one's sense of propriety should lead her either to remove it or leave it at home. The wearing of long trailing dresses in the street, where they must be stepped upon or impede the progress of pedestrians, and where they must gather and hold malignant germs lying perdu in dirt and filth, is another distinct infringement of good manners. A lady, no matter what her preference for the grace of a trailing skirt indoors, wears a short skirt on the street.

In times of illness the mother whose little ones have mumps, whooping cough, or chicken pox

observes precautions that the malady may not reach the children next door. In the graver dangers of diphtheria and scarlet fever she obeys, strictly the injunctions of the Board of Health, and is vigilant in maintaining the home quarantine.

We are bound in one bundle. The interests of one household are intertwined with the interests of all, and even if we live in the middle of a prairie, with not a single neighbour in sight, there would be invisible lines of communication converging at our hearthstone, and running out thence to the rest of the globe. For this reason let no one dare to live selfishly or to forget the rule of loving the neighbour. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" is the condensation of good manners on the way we tread.

What is the attribute that distinguishes some homes and makes them attractive and magnetic? Often it may be defined by the word deference. This quality is rarer than it should be in our pushing and eager American life. We have too little leisure to be deferential. The "step lively" of the conductor is forever urging us on. We tear along in wild haste lest we shall miss a boat or a train. We jostle the feeble and have no time to wait for the slower pace of the old or the little feet of toddling infancy. To cultivate repose

should be the effort of tens of thousands in the front of whose days is the temptation to be hurried and worried.

Deference to those older than ourselves, superior in station by virtue of official responsibility, or superior in knowledge by virtue of attainments and experience, is a most becoming grace. It would lead us to be tactful. We would not force attentions upon our seniors if we observed that they were not agreeable. We would never by accident or deliberation wound any one.



XII

THE MOTHER'S TEMPER

The little sharp vexations,
The briars that catch and fret —
Why not take them all to the Helper
Who never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too,
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.



THE mother's temper is the chief factor in the joy of the household, the chief bulwark against depression, the chief agent in bringing good cheer. Or it may be the exact opposite. A mother who has an uncertain temper, who is difficult and hard to please, who

cannot be counted on, and who is what the children call cross, spoils the happiest home. In fact, happiness flies before her, as leaves shaken from the trees in a rough wind. Nobody can be happy when the mother's temper is ruffled. Nobody can feel tranquil if the mother goes about with a clouded brow, looking tearful, injured or disturbed.

Who does not know the moods and tenses of summer thunder-storms? They advance suddenly and swiftly, the skies growing black, the great drops falling, the flowers bending their delicate stalks before the blast. Lightning zigzags through the air. Down patters the rain on the roof. Soon the storm has worn itself out or gone away, and out comes the sun. Everything brightens up. The day is refreshed. We are better off because of the summer storm. It has cleared the air.

I know good mothers who have tempers like this. They are not agreeable to live with, because in the little world of home thunder-storms are not as beneficent as in the physical world. But to do them justice, they are usually the greatest sufferers from their own unrestrained moods. After violent anger a person feels as if she had been attacked by a fit of illness. Once in a while a woman who is ordinarily amiable and well-bred is

discovered to possess a demoniac temper, that renders her unfit for civilized society during its outbreaks, and is a veritable scourge to those in her home. In Anthony Hope's entertaining novel, "Double Harness," there is a woman of this savage type, who, in a paroxysm of fury, strikes her little daughter a blow that fells her to the floor, and almost kills her. Servants and friends stand aghast ; her husband keeps out of her way ; her children are relieved when their mother dies. It is an extreme, but not an impossible, instance of a bad temper indulged until it culminates in something approaching insanity.

A mother may have every accomplishment and grace ; she may preside beautifully at her table, and order her housekeeping notably ; she may be a most devoted parent, but if she be the victim of a temper that when unleashed raves like a cyclone, she is the destroyer of her home. She could hardly do worse for her children in any other way than by showing them this evil example.

"Come away quickly," I once heard a girl of sixteen say, her face aflame, her lips trembling. "I am sorry I brought you here to-day. Mother has one of her spells. I don't know what has vexed her, but we can only let her alone until she gets over it."

Ill temper once given the right of way becomes a fierce despot. A woman subject to its tyranny takes great risks in being a mother, for her temper may affect the whole future of her unborn child. And when children are in the world, either in the nursery or grown up and entering the life that beckons young people, they should not be exposed to the caprice or vehemence of an ill-tempered and passionate mother, or feel the shameful terror that is inseparable from remaining under her rule.

The thunderous variety of temper in a mother is supportable, since thunder-storms are occasional and there are seasons of calm weather, days of sweetness, weeks of comfort, when everybody forgets the demon asleep in the background. On the whole, one has a deep pity for the mother thus afflicted. Her sons and daughters, as they reach maturity, condone her faults and find excuses for her.

But there is a temper of another sort from which good women and good mothers are not always exempt.

This is the temper that takes umbrage at trifles, that is flawed by a chance word, an unintentional neglect, that sulks and is silent, and wraps itself in robes of blackness. When a mother is like this,

easily affronted, implacable, unforgiving, ready to punish the whole family because one member has annoyed her, the tension of living in that home is so great that it wears on the entire group. The form of bad temper that shields itself behind a good conscience and imagines itself piety is peculiarly distressing to the young. A mother who for any reason goes about with an air of injury, answers in monosyllables, and declares that her opinion makes no difference, nobody regards it, who refuses to take an interest in what is going on, and depresses every one else by her depression, is in the wrong. She is losing a royal opportunity and mismanaging a sacred trust. Home is her realm, and she is marring its peace.

Of course, there are reasons why it is not always easy for a mother to be cheerful and self-controlled. We may set a good deal of ill temper to the account of exhausted nerves, to the endurance of pain and aggravating nausea, or to a low state of general health. Body and soul are inextricably united. When the soul's house is out of repair, the spiritual harmony is apt to be jarred. Discords and sweet bells jangled find expression in unhappy tempers and fretful discontent.

There are mothers who can tell a story of fragile

health, of bearing children too rapidly, and of consequent depleted vitality. The reluctant maternity of some women has told heavily upon their equanimity. They have borne and reared children in a mood of resentment and despair, thus wronging their children and themselves. Financial anxiety, the incessant losing battle with narrow means, has weighed upon others to the breaking-point. When economy can reach no further, when the income is pitifully inadequate to the outgo, when there seems no relief in prospect, strive as one will, the situation is harassing, and a mother, being only mortal, cannot always cope with it and come off victorious. She can but do her best.

The temptation to spur lagging energy or drive away an attack of nerves by a pill, a powder or a soothing-potion is natural enough, if, in some access of invalidism, a magical alleviation has been found by this means. But the policy is short-sighted. Anything that merely benumbs pain or induces a temporary ease soon loses its effect, and the tendency is to ask for more and yet more of either stimulant or narcotic, so that the last state of the victim is worse than the first.

Except at the direct and imperative mandate of a physician, a mother, of all women, should re-

frain from taking any remedy that acts as a crutch when she feels that her nerves are below par.

One needs the reinforcement of an inward strength, of a breath of heaven, of the helpfulness that is given the meek and quiet spirit when help is sought at the fountain of life. A mother should seek for a little sanctuary into which she may retire when she is losing self-control. She may have this anywhere, for God is not far from us, and she may close her eyes, fold her hands, and be silent before Him, without so much as leaving the gay group of children or going by herself apart. But she who can manage it should make it part of her daily program to spend a while each afternoon in resting. A half-hour's level rest on a couch, or in a rocking-chair with feet on a hassock, a nap, an amusing story, a little leaving of the household to its own devices, will aid the mother in gaining that poise which will keep her temper even.

Whoever lives in the open air will possess a higher health-rate and a better temper than her sister who commits the folly of spending hours of daylight within four walls. Fresh air and sunshine are almost miraculous panaceas.

Temperament has much to do with temper.

Some of us are blessed with an indifference to pin-pricks. Others feel a pin-prick as if it were a sword-thrust. Some are serene by birthright. They came into the world armed against the assaults of the devil by virtue of inherited health, of a mercurial disposition, and of the faith and hope of those who had gone before.

Others have been hampered from the cradle by a legacy of the low mood, of the unreasonable and perverse temper bequeathed them by a cross-grained ancestor or two.

To conquer this they must wage a ceaseless fight. The fight is worth waging, for the issue is not doubtful if there be real stretching out after what is pure and peaceable, after what is noble and sincere. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers invisible and strong, when we try to overcome the tendencies to evil that are *in* us, not ours from the outside. But there is always help for the earnest seeker who recognizes her limitations and asks God's aid. The longer I live, the more I am impressed with the closeness of the divine to the human, and with the inefficacy of any attempt to gain self-mastery that leaves out God. "So near is glory to our dust" that we may triumph over anything adverse, especially if it be in our own characters

and habits, if we attempt the battle with God's assistance.

Hope makes for sunshine in the home, no matter what the weather out of doors. A mother who likes fun and does not mind noise is a positive boon to her sons in the years between early youth and manhood. Such a mother does not nag, nor find fault. She understands boys, and is willing to let them have a rather elastic tether so long as she retains their confidence. If she is awake when they come in at night, they do not steal past her door; there is never anything furtive, anything to conceal, where a mother is light-hearted and sympathetic. The lads sit down on the side of her bed, and tell her about their evening, how many dances they had with the prettiest girl, and when they are going to call on her. A mother who enjoys her boys hears all about those early affairs that are not love-affairs at all—only little excursions into the land of sentiment that do no harm and give much pleasure. She advises about the clothes that are carried in the suit-case for the week-end visit, and reads the bread-and-butter letter that goes back to the hostess after the boys come home. A mother whom her boys trust is their truest friend. Her girls are as much to her and need her as really as

do the boys. They have their problems, their flitting discouragements. Who shall give them a helping hand if mother fails them? Nothing is more charming than a relation of intimacy binding a mother and her daughters together. A common fund of associations enriches their companionship. Little allusions, familiar anecdotes, a quick comprehension of humour, pleasantries exchanged by a glance, belong in the home where a mother ever looks for the bright side.

Men say that women are deficient in a sense of humour. Broad generalizations seldom hit the mark. There are women and men who lack this equipment for the day's work, and they are fit subjects for condolence. A sense of humour tides one over many of the most perilous reefs on the coast of home life. She who sees the comic aspect of a situation will not be wounded by its briars and thorns.

No doubt those who are either on the mountain-top in the sunshine, or in the valley amid the shadows, are at times more brilliantly ecstatic than they who walk the level plains. But they have the corresponding sadness, and when they are down they tell you, with a mournful shake of the head, that they feel as if they could never climb up. The pendulum swings too far. They are in the

ether or in the fog. Happier are those who dwell on a plain, whose minds preserve an equable temperature, let happen what may.

There is no credit in being good-tempered when there is nothing to try one. The rewards of merit belong to those who win them. When Polly spills ink on the bedroom carpet, and Joe tears his only decent pair of trousers, and Will forgets to give you the letter from his Aunt Mary, and carries it in his pocket for two whole days, and little Mildred behaves badly before the minister's wife, then is the time for you to keep your temper, and speak gently, and refrain from making an ado over what is only a passing annoyance.

I say it with reverence, heaven only knows why the table that should be a scene of the utmost blessedness is often an arena of disputes and an occasion of heart-burnings. Why should we make spiteful speeches when the dear ones meet around the family board? Why criticise the food? Why allow ourselves a license we would not take were we guests in a friend's house? If a mother, in training her children, would simply look into the future and lift its veil, she would do a service beyond price to the generations to come. She would not permit Edward to frown when he disapproved of the salad, nor Edna to turn scornfully from a

dessert that was a disappointment. She would teach her children to accept rice and raisins as if they were nectar and ambrosia, and would insist that only bright looks should ever be brought to the meal, howsoever homely it might be.

A little more ceremony in our manners at home would be provocative of good temper. We are frequently too candid, and too brusque and too intent on having our own way.

In little things and great one's dependence must be on our Best Friend.



XIII

THE SILENT PARTNER

"Love's dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind."



WIFE and mother would seem to have her hands full, without trying to earn money, particularly when her good man belongs to the ranks of the able-bodied and willing-hearted toilers of the world. The management of the simplest household is no light task, and only those who are familiar with the never-ending routine of home-making fully know the meaning of the old distich :

Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

Yet thousands of married women long for an opportunity to earn money for purposes that the husband's income does not cover—for pin-money, charity or a daughter's lessons in music or art. They look back with a pensive regret at days before marriage, when as self-supporting women they were comfortably assured of a definite weekly or monthly salary, and there is in them an undertone of dissatisfaction with present pecuniary conditions, that takes away something from the pleasure of life.

A glimpse of actual life as revealed in a letter that one day reached me from a stranger, in the morning mail, is a flashlight on the situation.

"I was married at twenty-four. Having been graduated from college at twenty-one, I had spent three delightful years in business. My employer left a branch of his dairy entirely in my hands. I kept the books, paid the men, attended to customers, and very largely increased the trade. My salary was raised three times in the three years. I dressed beautifully, bought a cart and pony, so that I could drive to and from the station in the suburban village where I lived, and I had a little money saved. Had I meant to marry I would have had more; but marriage was not in my thoughts until I met the one whose love and

urgent courting swept me off my feet. From the first evening when I saw him, standing on the veranda of the inn, where I had gone to spend a summer vacation, he attracted me. We met in August, and were married in November. My husband was a widower with three children—two sons and a little daughter. I am now thirty, and have two children of my own. We live in a thriving community, and my husband is comparatively prosperous; he is connected with a factory, has a responsible position and a large salary. But oh, it takes so much money to bring up five children! The older ones, the boys, are in college; their little sister will enter the high school next year, and my small tots are as yet in the nursery, but I see, stretching out before me a long, long road, over which they and I must walk, before they will be raised as I was. John is liberal in a way, but he keeps the pocketbook himself, buys the provisions, prefers to purchase the dry goods, the shoes, the gloves, everything, in fact, and does not see that I need any money when he gets whatever I want. Ada, the little daughter, has more actual cash than I, for she does not mind giving daddy a kiss and a hug and asking him for a dollar or two when she wants the money to spend. He can deny nothing to her blue eyes and golden

curls. But I loathe asking him for money. I could make the same amount go farther than John does if I had it in my own hands. But how can I beg for it? I have thought of this plan: My old employers wish to open a branch of their business here. They would willingly place me in charge, have already interviewed me on the subject, and would pay me well. I should greatly enjoy the work. If I took it I would engage a good, responsible woman to keep house in my absence, and look after my babies. John's comfort would not suffer, and my own temper would improve. I am growing cross and fretful. I am weary of the daily grind—the cooking, sewing and mending—and the money I could earn would enable me, still at the head of affairs, to keep more efficient help in my kitchen. The stepchildren would profit, I am sure John would, and as for me, a year or two more of my present struggle and irritation will make me a nervous invalid.

“Though I write all this to you, my mind is about made up. I mean to take up my business life again, and secure a measure of independence. It will hurt John's pride a bit, but he will get over that, and before many weeks he will see, being a reasonable man, that I am right.”

Several problems are suggested in this frank

outpouring of a perturbed woman. Nobody can deny, for everybody's observation furnishes proof, that women when left in want by the death of their natural protectors, fathers or husbands, as may be, pull themselves together, and get on very well. If Mrs. Mulvaney dies, Patrick, utterly at sea about the children, marries after the shortest decent interval; he has, being a helpless mortal of a man, to find somebody to cook his dinners and care for his little ones. But if Mr. Mulvaney is snatched away, Bridget spends one half of his little life insurance on a gorgeous funeral, and then valiantly sets out to support the family. She washes, irons, scrubs, sweeps, does whatever odd jobs fall in her way, and eventually brings up the children, and sees them well started in the line of preferment—one girl a teacher, another a dress-maker, and the boys, industrious and pushing, usually doing credit to their mother's training. Most women who have anything in them beyond the ordinary, and many women are thus gifted with pluck, brains and energy, develop a thing called "faculty" in the New England parlance, a splendid thing to have.

Why should a woman not widowed, not overweighted by grief and poverty, not harassed by a thousand cares and fears, a woman who has a

good husband and a secure income, help the former and add to the latter if time, health and opportunity combine to make the venture practicable? Why, if she can do so without detriment to or neglect of her family and her duty, should she not take a share in the larger interests outside the home, the interests that impart flavour and spice to life? An outside occupation with profitable results keeps a woman young and fresh. The purely domestic woman frequently ages early, and bears in her countenance the marks of long bondage to mere drudgery. The purely domestic woman who limits her interests and narrows her activities strictly to the household, is in peril of arrested intellectual growth. She may, and if she be not careful, she will, see first her husband, and later her children, outgrow her, so that in middle life she may be aware of a great loneliness. If, by her legitimate efforts, she can so relieve her husband of strain that a better provision can be made for old age, and if she may supplement his means so that the children may have wider advantages, is she not justified in stepping forth into the open and trying her mettle?

Rich women may not be personally concerned with this discussion, but the bulk of our American population is not rich. People who are jogging

along in more or less comfort, economizing as best they can, and sometimes keeping their heads above water by a tremendous effort, are not indifferent to this practical topic. The question that presses home on a conscientious woman for decision is, "Shall I do right if I enter the wage-earning lists?" Sometimes she inquires, "Have I, being married, the right to compete with the great number of unmarried women, who must necessarily fend for themselves?"

The first question is the harder to answer. I pass the second by, as in my view it is fantastic and unimportant. In the world market good work commands good wages, and it is not essential to the point that either man or woman at this day should be married or single if able to offer good work. Forty or fifty years ago, the question was pertinent, but it has ceased to be so.

But here is the issue, and we cannot evade it. Home in its sweet retirement, its serenity, its withdrawal from publicity, its atmosphere of tranquil love, is administered by the wife, who is its presiding genius. Home is the place that stamps childhood with the hall-mark of nobility, or leaves it to sordid aims and low ambitions. There are for children influences better in the end than extra lessons or accomplishments, better than a luxurious

environment, better than the ease that comes from trained service. A mother may well hesitate when confronted with the situation outlined by our friend in her letter. Her little children in the formative, the most impressionable period of their lives would be left to the care of a stranger during many daylight hours. Shall she dare thus leave them, in order that she may engage in business, have money at command, and gain a coveted independence?

A woman of more than national fame, whose life is consecrated to a great and beneficent reform, travels thousands of miles annually, and is often away from home during several consecutive weeks. She says, "I leave my children in good hands. They have as much of my personal company and moulding as they could have were I a woman of fashion, with the multiplied demands of society on my hands."

Another woman who for years was absorbed in a pursuit which brought her large financial returns has lived to see her daughters heartless women of the world, her sons dissipated and her husband estranged. It is impossible for outsiders to survey the sorrowful wreckage and not wonder whether the result would have been the same had the mother brooded over her home, instead of leaving

it to hirelings, had her ambitions been sacrificed, and her talents devoted to the rearing of her family.

In the last analysis, the problem is one for individual settlement according to the light that comes from above.

Circumstances being propitious, a clever woman may often turn her talents to account and make a little money without leaving home. She probably will not make very much, but she may make a small amount that will help along. Indeed, a little stream of silver may flow into her exchequer, and at a pinch buy a new bonnet or provide a treat for a birthday, subscribe for a magazine or take tickets for a concert.

"My mother has sold a story," announced a small boy, triumphantly, to his comrades on the street, "so to-night we are going to have ice-cream."

Stories and poems are, alas! apt to make promises to the sanguine that bring only fairy gold; they are the most disappointing wares on earth to the amateur, be she ever so gifted; but if a woman can make preserves, pickles or pound-cake, and secure purchasers, if she can knit shawls, sweaters and slumber-shoes, if she can raise poultry or Angora cats, if she can, in brief,

send out from her home any marketable product that people want and will pay for, she need not be worried. She will lie down at night tired but complacent, and while retaining her grasp on the home in its essentials, she will not feel that she is a pensioner on her husband's bounty. No wife should acknowledge that she feels herself this; no wife ever is this in any true sense. A wife is neither mendicant nor pensioner, but unfortunately many wives acutely feel, and silently resent, the blundering attitude of otherwise good husbands in this commonplace particular. Would that the good men's eyes were opened!

The woman who earns money at home, and keeps a maid of all work, may possibly not receive from that functionary quite the respect accorded to one who neither toils nor spins. One of the most successful literary women in America, a woman whose emoluments have given her a fortune, one day gently reproved her housemaid for carelessness.

"An' is it yourself presumes to shpake to me about my sweepin'!" cried Norah, in fury. "*Me*, that has till now lived with real ladies, not with thim as wurks fer their livin'!"

In the view of Norah, the toiler at her desk was on precisely the plane of the toiler with the broom.

And I am not sure but that she was partially right, the one form of service being nearly as exhausting as the other.

Anthony Trollope in his charming autobiography mentions that in the decay of the family fortunes and the invalidism of his father, his mother, aged fifty, began an industrious career as a novelist. Mrs. Trollope lived to be seventy-six, and before her busy pen was laid aside she had published one hundred and fourteen novels. They served to keep the wolf from the door and a roof over the household. Some of them were written by dying beds, some in the extreme of want, but they brought their return to the indomitable author. The books were long ago forgotten. We have forgiven Mrs. Trollope for her candid censures on our crude and raw country and the manners that did not please her, censures once keenly resented by our fathers, and now we may admire the magnificent courage of her example : A woman undismayed in her attack on hard fortune at fifty years of age, and at that age undertaking the support of a large family, her partner in life laid aside by illness.

The truth is that we discount our powers terribly when we permit ourselves to be daunted by Time. Whatever be a woman's age, if she be resourceful

and in fair health, she may find something to do ; what it shall be must depend on her capabilities, her equipment and her valour.

Perhaps the great trouble when we are beyond youth and the training-school is that we are both visionary and rusty. The tools we once had fit clumsily in our awkward grasp. We have forgotten certain essentials. We have commanded so long in our accustomed place that we cannot obey in a new one. Very likely we set too high a value on our own accomplishments, and measured by the exacting standards of the period, we are out of date. But we do not realize our limitations, and under disappointment we grow bitter.

The word of wisdom to younger women is, Cherish with care whatever facility or aptitude you have, and do not too easily slip into habits of idleness. Avail yourselves of every new opportunity that may come to learn something that may lie beyond the domestic realm.

The chief thing to keep in mind is the happiness of individuals in the home, and their chance for symmetrical growth. We must be fair all around.

A manifest unfairness is familiar and obvious in the attitude of those devoted husbands who be-

stow upon their wives and the mothers of their children everything in their power except their confidence in matters of business. In the wish to save the silent partner anxiety and trouble the man keeps his cares to himself and likewise withholds from her the business training that would prevent her making undesirable mistakes in expenditure during his lifetime, and would enable her to manage her affairs intelligently in the event of his death. It is not uncommon to observe a widow in the first anguish of bereavement compelled to struggle with business of importance about which she is as ignorant as a child of ten. She has never been consulted about investments and is often utterly in the dark as to her husband's resources and the extent of his property. Having been treated with generosity and indulgence, she is in the exact condition of the child whose expenses have been met, but who has had nothing whatever to do with the exchequer from whence they came.

A woman who is able to walk beside a man in queenly dignity during long years, who is the pervading genius of his home realm, and his most intimate and cherished friend should not be treated as though she were in any manner deficient or had not intellect enough to grasp the details of a

business education. A step in her favour is taken when the wife is accorded her personal allowance, has her own bank account and check-book and is responsible for transactions incidental to household economy. Beyond this, she should be in possession as precisely as possible of all needed information as to the machinery and stock in trade of the business that concerns her and the family, as much as it concerns her husband. If a host of good men could return from their graves and behold the ease with which women no longer young, and accustomed to ignorance of pecuniary details, acquire the knowledge indispensable to their novel responsibility when confronted with the management of a fortune, they would be greatly amazed. Among the fallacies that should be swept into the limbo of the past no fallacy is greater than that which prevents a man from being entirely frank with his wife in matters of money. Husband and wife are business partners in a very true sense. The wife is never sovereign as she should be in the home domain, if the husband obliges her to ask for every dollar she spends, and return to him a report of her expenditure.

Husbands have told me that they dare not trust their wives with the management of money. They

may honestly think this the case, but in the majority of instances the reason would be found in a lack of common sense and candour on the subject of domestic finance.

In business relations the silent partner is generally understood to be an important factor. He does not invariably appear actively in transactions open to the public, nor is he expected to bear the brunt of the daily grind. In the background he furnishes a large share of capital and may be called upon in emergencies for counsel and comfort.

In the domestic partnership of wife and husband a parallel understanding exists. The wife's part is not to go to the factory or the office, to promote schemes, to sell goods, or to engage in the fierce competitions of modern business life. She stays at home, but as in medieval times the knight went forth to battle with the lady's favour on his sleeve, so she is the mainspring of the complicated machinery of bread-winning, and she gives in large measure to her comrade and partner, encouragement, incentive and reward. These are worth their weight in gold.

Of a man in this country, eminent in administration, famous for shrewdness and sagacity, and known far and wide for integrity, firmness and

foresight, an intimate friend said: "Mr. Blank owes more than the public dream to a little woman who presides over his beautiful home. He owes at least half of his success in life to the wisdom, strength and cheerfulness of a very remarkable wife."



In his cap and gown her laddie
Fills her heart with tender pride;
Strong and safe he meets the tempter,
God and mother at his side.



XIV
THE MIDSUMMER MOON

The wide, fair gardens, the rich lush gardens,
That no man planted, and no man tills ;
Their strong seed drifted, their brave bloom lifted,
Near and far over vales and hills ;
Sip the bees from their cups of sweetness,
Poises above them the wild free wing,
All night and morn from their doors are borne
The dreams of the tunes that blithe hearts sing.



THE summer holiday has established itself as an annual feature in our busy and rushing life. That life with us is both busy and rushing every one concedes, and the pause for recreation and change of scene that has gradually come into our plans is healthful as well as pleasure-giving. Few of us are idlers. In this country the rank and file are at work, and from the president to the humblest office-boy whose

duty it is to run on errands we lead strenuous lives. We would not have it otherwise. We could not be contented to spend time in an endeavour to kill time. Our faces are set with eager zest towards the finishing of our daily tasks, and with the majority at eventide,

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Occasionally one meets a steady-going, treadmill sort of person who boasts that holidays are left out of his reckoning. A venerable financier of our country, when long past fourscore, publicly declared that he personally could see no reason for taking a vacation, and that he considered our numerous legal holidays sufficient for a diligent business man.

Those who know their Dickens will remember Tim Linkenwater.

"I'm neither going to sleep in the fresh air, no, nor I'm not going into the country, either. A pretty thing at this time of day, certainly. Pho! It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up, "forty-four year next May since I first kept the books of Cherryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all

that time, Sundays excepted, as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten to see the doors fastened and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came."

To a man constituted as Tim was, monotony of course has no terrors, and routine does not become a wearing and fettering drudgery. Fortunately, people of Tim's type, are exceptional. It would be a pity if there were many, however faithful, who were so contented that they never longed for a different environment, and never wanted to play. Work is praiseworthy in its place and hour, but play holds as high a rank among virtuous employments. The trouble with too many grown people is that they forgot how to play when they left childhood behind them, and that they take life and work too seriously, making a hardship of what should be a satisfaction. It is not so much of the business man's holiday that I am thinking, as of the holiday that is needed by a tired mother, a teacher who has spent months in the schoolroom, or a young girl who has stood behind a counter, worked at a typewriter or

forged steadily ahead in her college-work for a year. Each of these finds herself, by the time the summer heats arrive, more or less exhausted in body and mind. She has reached the point where she must let go for a while, and rest, if later she would start again with the old energy.

The woman who greatly needs a holiday, and seldom gets one, is the mother. When the children are little she cannot leave them, and often she feels that she cannot take them away. "Home," she very truly asserts, "is the best place for babies." In another house she will have cramped quarters and fewer conveniences than she has at home. Besides, it worries her to think that her children may annoy or disturb other people. At home she does not so much mind their fretting, or if they are not quite clean and dainty it does not matter much. In a strange place she and they are on dress-parade, and she often comes back from a vacation as tired as when she started. Later on, when the children are grown, it is always the mother who plans their outings, manages that her tall boy shall have the fishing and swimming he craves, that her young daughters shall miss no opportunity for a visit or an outing; that, in short, the family shall have the recreation while she stays at home by the stuff.

"Is there any reason," I said to a young man who is a devoted son, "why your dear mother should not leave home and spend some beautiful weeks with me? We have hardly seen one another since our girlhood, when we were constantly together."

"No reason in the world," was the quick answer. "Mother can go anywhere she pleases, and we will all be only too happy to speed her on her way. But remember, please, that she has become used to staying always at home, and that to get her away is like tearing up a tree by the roots."

I found that the boy knew what he was talking about. When I wrote to my friend, setting forth the delights of such a summer holiday as she had not known for years, the reply came back by return mail:

"It's all beautiful and alluring and would be perfectly delightful, but I could much more easily go to heaven than come to you."

There are mothers in plenty who feel the same way. They have so accustomed themselves to self-denial that they do not in the least dream what a good thing it would be for them to be lifted bodily away from their present place and duties and made for a while to think about themselves. If a mother is obliged to drop the helm, either

through a long illness or by death, the household is much disturbed and the home joy is deeply shadowed, but the home goes on. It would be wise for a mother, whether young or middle-aged, to take into account the fact that she can do more for her family well than ill, living than dead, and that though it cost contrivance and inconvenience and trouble and money, she ought for her own sake and that of the others sometimes to break away. Usually there is some one who can act for a while as her substitute, and if husband and wife can go away together without a single child, they will come home rejuvenated and ready to enjoy their children and take up the round of daily duties with new enthusiasm.

In speaking of holidays we must not overlook the difference in people. Some are elastic and rebound very quickly after a strain, recuperation with them being brief and thorough. Others require much longer time for mere repair of the wasted tissues. Aspiring teachers frequently take the opportunity of the summer holiday to attend special courses of study, so that they may undertake advanced grades or gain coveted certificates. This is pleasant and interesting to those who have the needed physical capital, but to one who is worn out, and having reached the

limit of her resources, is in want of building up, it may be almost suicidal. The plan pursued by other students and teachers of finding positions in summer inns, where they may work and earn part of the next year's expenses, is only commendable where the worker has plenty of strength. We may perhaps guard this point by the reflection that to some young woman three or four months of inaction would be a greater weariness than pleasure, and that to those who can sufficiently rest in a fortnight the chance to earn money during the rest of the vacation may be a godsend. A teacher who does her duty in the schoolroom during nine or ten months of the year has given out an immense amount of nervous force. She has not simply been seated at her desk hearing recitations, nor has she merely been keeping restless little boys and girls in order. She has been impressing herself upon her pupils and giving out vitality in lavish measure. The greater her love for her profession, and the greater her success therein, the more likely she is to need a good vacation. She should not spend it in hard work of any kind, in studying, sewing or going about among friends. She should rest. It should be for her a period of idleness and of entire dropping of the tasks of the year, a period of renewal.

A good thing for you and me is a hobby. It may be music, or gardening, or botany, or geology, or moths, or beetles, or golf. The person who has no hobby is often at a loss what to do when the pressure of the ordinary routine is relaxed. The days seem flat and flavourless. Time hangs heavily. Whatever the chosen hobby may be, pursue it with energy and make it yield to you the best it can. Very young people often have a genius for collecting specimens of one sort or another, and this is educational.

Some of us long for the deep green woods, the great desire being to get away from people. This is the relief of men and women who are much in society and are surfeited with functions and engagements. To a little country maiden, a novice in the gay world, a vacation spent at a brilliant seaside resort, where she beholds fine equipages and revels in the phantasmagoria of fashion, taking some part in the bright scenes, will be ideal. She will bloom like a rose in the sun. We should read the books we love in summer as well as in winter. More and more I am coming to believe that the true test of a book's worth lies in what it does for the reader, what it means, what message it carries. One should never suffer boredom in a book one is reading for pleasure. The ideal

summer book is like a seat in a drawing-room car for which one has paid, and from which one glances to get swift glimpses of an outside world, without undue exertion on one's part. Fiction, essays and poetry lend themselves to the summer mood. So do books of travel and agreeably written biographies. Favourite authors should be saved for summer days on the veranda or under the trees. The wise matron has in reserve a stock of little books and avoids ponderous volumes that weary by their weight. Summer is a good time to enjoy the book, whatever it is, that may be read aloud and discussed.

As I write I am aware of friends on whose faces rests a shadow of doubt or sadness. To them the summer season brings the hardest, most unremitting labour of the year. To their country homes throng boarders from the cities, paying guests, who are to be entertained as company, whose rooms must be kept in order, and whose three meals a day mean an unending round of care until the season ends. Mountains of biscuit, gallons of tea and coffee, a constant succession of roasting, boiling, broiling and baking will testify to their skill and their faculty for turning off work during the weeks that their visitors are spending in pleasure. Every woman who takes summer

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n University. To be sure, he had had a dispute with the trustees upon a policy which, so far as the public knew, was democracy and progress in the university against privilege and conservatism; the latter won according to the papers, and the President in resigning was lifted to the Governorship of the State. There was a well-founded rumor that ex-President Cleveland, respected by the whole country for his rugged integrity, had been the first trustee to break with the President, not on grounds of policy, but because his word could not be trusted. Only a few thousand knew this, however; and misunderstandings with men of strong temper (and Mr. Cleveland had one) were always possible.

Governor Wilson made a great campaign. He was a real orator,

unworthy of either man. He looks further back for reasons. He finds that Senator Lodge was "the embodiment of Anglo-Saxon character," with a sense of duty, ideals tempered with common sense. The Anglo-Saxons mingled their judgments and supported the common result and valued clear and exact statement. Wilson was a Celt, deriving from the Irish "the light vein which often makes men unpractical and which emphasizes the personal element in all transactions. In the Scotch was the dour temperament born of that dour clime. There was an isolate and at times an uncanny and melancholy temper."

Wilson was the embodiment of Celtic character, of people who "dealt in noble thoughts and eloquent phrases which do not usually accom-

principles. He was also leader of the Republican side of the House and Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations: a unique position, and on him to a good degree the peace and unity of the country depended.

Hence, with a solemn sense of responsibility and with all the forces of body, mind and character, he gave himself to so meeting the objections and opinions of Senator after Senator, adjusting words and sentences, as to obtain a two-thirds vote for the reservation.

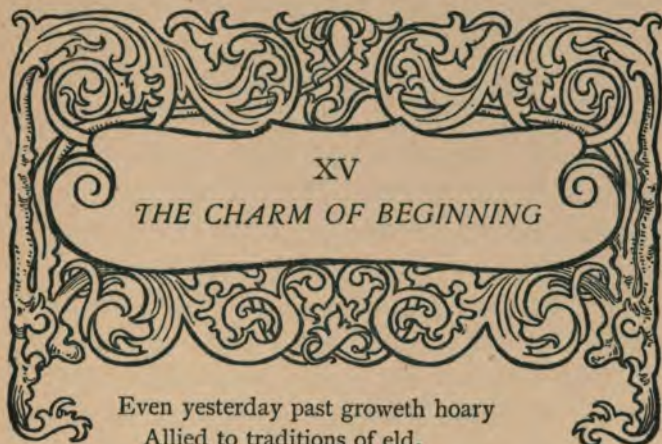
The failure of the United States to enter the League was due entirely to Wilson, in Bishop Lawrence's judgment—not to the Senate nor to its leader, Lodge. His statement is unequivocal. The Bishop is too close to the event and to the life of his friend

drawing-room car from which one can see an outside world, it is his part. Fiction, as to the summer months and agreeably authors should be in reserve a stock of various volumes that one may have on hand. It is a good time to read, that may be

is on whose faces is. To them the oldest, most unrestrained country homes, paying guests, Company, whose and whose three round of care until biscuit, gallons of session of roasting, will testify to their off work during are spending in takes summer

boarders owes it to herself and her family to have an autumn holiday when the boarders leave. She should plan for it. For her there will come bright days in the early autumn when the city people have packed their trunks and gone home ; let her make the best of them.

The most enjoyable of summer functions is a house-party, in a great house or a small, that is hospitable and brings together congenial friends, giving them a good time. College girls and boys often enjoy this form of amusement. If mothers are willing to take the trouble, and will consent to have son or daughter invite a half-dozen or more friends, the young people will not mind a little close crowding. They will enjoy whatever outdoor sport is feasible, whether on the water or on the land. Little anxiety need be felt by a hostess who is near a lake or bay, or who has a tennis-court or golf-links near her home. The young people will take care of themselves, and her chief anxiety will be to furnish her table amply enough to satisfy their outdoor appetites. Invitations to a house-party should state its duration, mention train facilities, and express with no vagueness the exact time for which the guests are asked.



Even yesterday past groweth hoary
Allied to traditions of eld,
Partaking the gloom and the glory
The cycles uncounted have held.
And the new year, with breathless to-morrows,
With raptures and yearnings and sighs,
Defeats and disasters and sorrows,
Has Eden's lost youth in our eyes.



HE coming of another year, the stopping for an instant at another milestone on the road gives us a suggestion for reviewing the past and anticipating the future. We have said it so often that it has ceased to be impressive, and yet the thing remains true that the only moment in life really our own is the present. This heartbeat, this fleeting breath, this instant of time, is ours. Yesterday belongs to us by right

of memory, but it is already as far from our grasp as the remotest past. We cannot even touch the skirts of yesterday, nor can we be sure of clasping hands with to-morrow, and we need over and over to remind ourselves that "the mill will never grind again with water that is past," and that the wisest of men never uttered a weightier aphorism than "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Whoever uses the present worthily and lives nobly one day at a time need never dread the passing of the years. Every year to such a one will be filled with red letter days, and every milestone on the way shall lift a shining shaft and meet a joyous welcome.

On the door-step of a new year we pause to exchange greetings.

For one and all, for old and young, mothers and daughters, lovers and sweethearts, there can be no wish so appropriate, so sure to fit into the mood of the hour, as the familiar one, "A Happy New Year!" What assets of fortune may be ours in the coming twelve months we cannot guess, much less forecast ; but we hope for good times and successful enterprises, for ships to sail into harbour with the freight we have longed for, and for pleasure and gladness unalloyed. In the home may

there be peace ; in business, encouragement ; in every relation of life, stability. Each household knows what it most desires, and the aspirations of each individual have a touch of personality unsuspected by others.

We shall have as a certainty twelve months in our new year, and four seasons. Ever since little Persephone was whisked away from the bright green earth to the black underground palace of King Pluto, where incautiously she ate six shrivelled pomegranate-seeds, the world's year has been, more or less, cut in two. There is the vernal season, gay with flowers and processional with buds and fruit and grain, until it loses itself under the harvest-moon ; and there is the wintry season, when the fields rest, and the trees are bare, and Nature turns on her pillow for a nap, while the snows fall and the winds rave. Spring and summer go hand in hand, and as they leave the stage, autumn and winter hand in hand come on by the opposite entrance.

I do not think we are half grateful enough to our Creator for the variety of scene-shifting and the charm of novelty that inhere in the panorama of the seasons. One hears a girl exclaim, shivering on a cold morning of January, " If only I could drop this miserably cold weather out of my year !

I'd like to omit winter from the calendar! If I were rich I'd never stay and freeze in this zero temperature!"

She is a girl of the twentieth century and she lives in a most comfortably appointed house with stoves or steam-heat, storm-doors and double windows! She will enjoy spring, when it comes, a thousandfold more than if she had known a perpetual spring-time, and had not been braced up and toned and keyed to concert-pitch by clear cold days and the purity of the snow blanket that kept the next year's bread so safe and warm.

Senator Hoar in his delightful autobiography gives us glimpses of home life as our forefathers knew it. Less than one hundred years ago well-to-do people in America had no water-pipes in the house, and no provision for discharging sewage. People rose and dressed on a New Year's morning in the early nineteenth century in a cold room, with frost on the panes, and zero temperature creeping in through the cracks and crannies. They broke the ice in the pitcher to wash their faces.

As there were no matches then, the fire was carefully covered up at night, and whoever first came down-stairs in the early dawn obtained a light by holding a candle-wick close to a live coal

and puffing it with his breath. No lamps, no electric burners or gas-jets, no telephones, no luxuries, and not even much comfort. Then the warmth of a house, and its cooking, too, were dependent on a roaring open fire on the hearth, before which the face was baked, while the back was icily cold.

On the whole, our twentieth century has made a good advance, and we have an environment that must surprise the ghosts of our grandparents, if ever they venture invisibly to watch us, as we sit in our cozy rooms, and to our shame dare to grumble over trifling discomforts.

But though the outward circumstances change, human nature remains the same, while the years tread on in their unending march, like veiled dervishes, bringing weal and woe impartially to mankind, and caring not for either mirth or moan.

They did not know what nervous exhaustion meant when they huddled around an open fireplace by day, and slept in a room as cold as an Adirondack forest by night ; but presumably there were faultfinding men and nagging women then as now. Some of them made the great mistake that some of us are making of killing home happiness by an everlasting much ado about nothing. If we are candid we must admit that

we do make mistakes. We send off foolish or angry letters, then wish we could get them back. We make a fuss because the wrong young man comes to call on our pretty daughter, and through our meddling opposition, the young people, who had not been the least in love, are suddenly convinced that they two, and no other, have been meant for partners since the beginning. We marry, and we fall out with our relations-in-law. We waste our energy over trivialities, and have no strength left for great occasions.

I knew a woman who devoted herself one year to a wretched sort of thing called spatter-work, while her children went to school with garments literally tattered and torn. I knew another who stitched her eyesight and her temper and her health into an elaborate screen to stand in her living-room, and then spent six months on her sofa as a worn-out invalid. I know yet another who is a martyr and a slave in one to her perfect and inflexible system of housekeeping, which is inelastic and of cast-iron, and in consequence she and her family have not had a decently tranquil, to say nothing of a happy, New Year in the memory of their neighbours.

It is inevitable that we shall make mistakes. Errors cannot be prevented—errors of judgment

or decision or of action. If we do our best at a given moment, we must let the event justify our wisdom or accentuate our folly without too much useless lamentation. We are fallible and we shall make mistakes. But we are not making them on purpose, and so we are not to grieve when it is too late, let occur what may. If we had not sent little Eunice to school last summer she probably would not have caught the whooping-cough, and if we had not bought the new house we should not have had to mortgage the old one. If we had kept our wits about us we would not have jumped from the carriage the day the horse ran away. If only we had said no instead of yes one day long ago, or yes instead of no, our whole lives would have been different. In this uselessly confusing round we may circle without ever arriving anywhere. So long as time endures, history will repeat itself, and there shall be wasted endeavour and a sense of disappointment in some phases of human experience.

“The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer day ;
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.”

But the Queen had the fun of making them, and
let us hope they gave the Knave a touch of colic !

Of course, the divisions of the calendar are purely arbitrary, yet they are extremely convenient. It would be much harder to remember and separate from one another the exceptional years of great joys or great griefs if we went on in an eternal dead level without mile-stones. Occasional dates stand out in memory like mountain peaks in a landscape. No woman ever forgets her wedding-day or the day, after hours of anguish, when she looked in the face of her first-born. None of us ever forgets a great calamity. Thank God, the calamities are few as compared with the multiplied days of unalloyed delight. The happiest times in home life are those which are filled with commonplace incidents—the children growing up and going to school; the man of the house going to business and returning at nightfall; the mother busy with the nameless little things that fill her cup with sweetness until it runs over the brim; the neighbours coming in, and the household progressing according to its ordinary routine.

The momentous years are not unlike the commonplace years. Looking back, we are impressed with the fact that the road, after all, is a pleasant one, and that the light heart takes it cheerily.

When I was a girl, before New York had grown cosmopolitan, we used to look forward to New

Year's Day with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The first foot over the threshold was eagerly watched for. Who of the outside world should be first to enter the home with the merry salutation, "A Happy New Year!" We were always rather pleased if it happened to be a pretty child or a graceful girl who brought this greeting, although it was very apt to be instead the milkman, with his rosy face, bronzed and flushed by wind and weather, or the carrier of the newspaper, who brought an elaborate message in verse for which he expected a gratuity. This message recapitulated everything that had occurred for twelve months at home and abroad, with gleams of humour interspersed, and with some prophecy or other of what the New Year might bring.

New York being originally a Dutch city, kept for many years the beautiful tradition of Dutch hospitality. Therefore, it was obligatory on all households not in mourning to receive calls on New Year's Day. A table was sumptuously spread with refreshments, including in the menu sandwiches, pickled oysters, salad, cold turkey, fruit-cake, lemonade, coffee and whatever else the hospitable matron chose to offer.

Every caller was invited and expected to partake of the feast. Only the ladies of the house

were at home on New Year's Day, and for that one day no woman was seen on the street. Groups of men hurried to and fro, carriages filled with men whirled here and there, and by the time that evening came, in many houses there were little informal dances and festive gatherings, that did not break up until midnight. Ladies' Day followed on the second of January, when women called on one another, exchanged good wishes, and discussed the pleasure of the previous day. It was a happy time while it lasted, but after a while, as the city grew large and distances were magnified, until, instead of a town filled with friends and acquaintances, Manhattan became a great capital, with all sorts and conditions of people, the custom of New Year's calls died a natural death. The curtain dropped on Father Knickerbocker when the great seaport became cosmopolitan. The present fashion of house parties out of town for the New Year has superseded New Year's calls, and on the whole is as satisfactory and yields as rich a harvest of pleasure as the former custom did.

To the farmer's wife and the woman who lives in a little town or village January means something worth more than it can to her city cousins. A time of great activity in church life sets in with the New Year, and as much of the social life of a

village revolves around the several churches, the women see more of one another and are brought into closer touch than at any other season. The days are short, but they afford leisure for reading and sewing. Many a book that has been laid aside, that it may be enjoyed during the long winter evening, is now read aloud beside the evening lamp. Family life converges to a centre. Home never means so much as when the circle gathers in the pleasantest room, where there are genial warmth, sunlight, flowers and cheer. One such living-room I can shut my eyes and see, deep in the heart of the Catskills—a room in summer filled with city boarders, who are grouped about its tables. In winter it is no longer a dining-room for strangers, but is the family living-room, with bright rugs on the floor, the piano at one end, a large table in the middle, and wonderful plants thrifty and blossoming in the sunny windows. From homes in the country come the men and women who are the brain and heart of this nation, and they grow and thrive as the plants do in the atmosphere of simple homes apart from crowds.

There is a thing the merchants do just after the holidays, and no little task they find it. They call it taking stock. They see what goods are still on the shelves, they decide what to carry over

and what to get rid of, perhaps at a sacrifice, and they clear the way for another year's campaign. We may imitate them. From time to time it is a sensible thing to take stock of ourselves ; to look candidly over the field, see wherein we have failed and ascertain in what direction we may best improve ourselves. There may be incumbering cares that we would do well to cast aside.

Just at the turn of the midnight,
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep

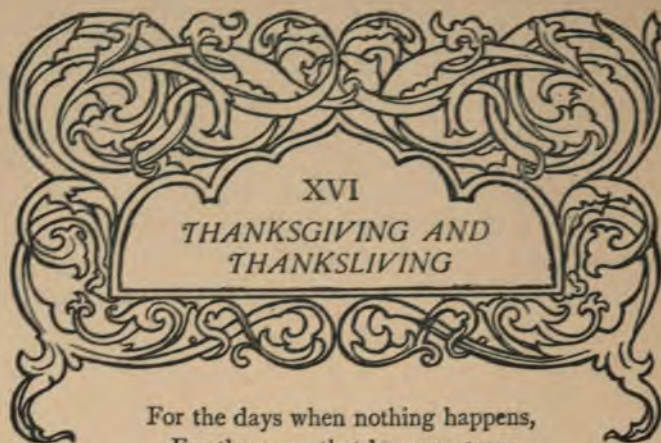
At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring ;
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack ;
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvellous thing.

Flowers, by hosts and armies,
Stars and sunshine and rain !
The merry times and the sorrowful times,
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,
Shouting their " Happy New Year,"
The year will be started well on his way,
Swinging along through his first white day,
With the path before him clear.

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Twelve long months for his journey ;
Fifty-two weeks of a spell ;
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
At the stroke of the midnight bell.



For the days when nothing happens,
For the cares that leave no trace,
For the love of little children,
For each sunny dwelling-place,
For the altars of our fathers,
And the closets where we pray,
Take, O gracious God and Father,
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.



UTUMN days slip away so fast that Thanksgiving is here before one realizes the lateness of the season. We are so busy during the weeks that lead up to it that we waken with a sort of shock to the fact that standing in the doorway, with a gracious smile and a wave of the hand, is Winter, ready to rule the land for the next three months. To look at him, bland, benignant, his manner so debonair, his bearing so festal, who would suspect that at

his back were furious gales and bitter cold? His to-day is the iron hand in the velvet glove. Ere many days he will throw the glove away and rule with rigour. And yet we would not for the world drop winter out of our year. Its short days, its long nights, its outdoor intensity of frost and sleet, make a beautiful setting for household joy. Home life is at its best in winter, and Thanksgiving Day begins for us a period of family intimacy and neighbourly sociability impossible at any other time in the calendar. We draw closely together and share our common interests as we share the warmth and glow of the firelit hearth.

When our forefathers, grateful to Almighty God for their preservation amid the hardships and perils of a new country, after their first harvest, instituted Thanksgiving Day, the custom was both patriotic and religious. They reverently went to church, that the praises of the people to Him who had saved the commonwealth might be uplifted unitedly. Interwoven in their thought and in the stern and high simplicity of their daily lives were the twin strands—love of country and love of God. Therefore, they laid broadly on deep foundations the first stories, so to speak, of the vast superstructure of this republic. It was sometimes necessary in the early days that men

should go armed to meeting, and in the menace of lurking foes, of strenuous need for vigilance, both men and women developed a high and noble courage, than which we have nothing better in the twentieth century. We have grown great and rich ; we should still cherish the old ideals if we would continue so.

In the old-fashioned housekeeping the men had the easier end. Minister, judge, squire, farmer, merchant, each man in his place invested himself in his Sunday clothes, and walked to pulpit or to pew, sure that a good dinner would be ready in due time when sermon and psalm were over. For dinner as well as worship belonged to the old Thanksgiving, just as it belongs now, and it was as important a function then as now. I fancy the cooking was rather better than ours, for our grandmothers and their mothers knew how to prepare a faultless meal. For weeks the turkeys had been fattening and the golden pumpkins mellowing for the feast. A great variety of articles that we have ready at our hand were then manipulated in the individual kitchen with infinite labour and pains. But when they were gathered about the board, the turkey at one end, the chicken pie at the other, and every conceivable dainty in between, for once the arduous lives of

men without the home and women within were forgotten, and fun was unchecked. At no other time did the staid New Englanders unbend as they did at Thanksgiving. And in line with their traditional observance was that which, let us hope, we still remember—to send something on Thanksgiving Day to the poor, the lonely and the forlorn.

Another feature of Thanksgiving that has been bequeathed to us and wears a historic halo is that of the family gathering, the assemblage of the clans in a single house. This is peculiarly beautiful. The family, being normal, cannot exist as a unit. It multiplies and ramifies. The little ones grow up and marry, and there are six or seven homes and family groups springing from the original one. The sons and daughters cannot all find work and bread in the home village, so the city calls them, or the mines beckon, or the Far East woos with its siren spell. They scatter wide and far, but when Thanksgiving returns, those who can manage it, hurry back from remote places, and break bread again under the old roof-tree. Every incoming steamer, every train that speeds across the continent, in late November carries passengers who are eager to get to the homestead. One sees greetings on wayside platforms, as the bronzed fellows who have been away

on the frontier, or the paler ones who have been moiling along in big towns, making money in piles the country never dreamed of, spring from the cars. A hale old man with a pair of spirited horses is waiting to meet the boys; mother, in her print gown and apron, will run out to embrace them at the home door. The prettiest sight is when the children come home—little girls in frocks and plumed hats, with curls falling over their shoulders; little boys in sailor suits, all clamouring to spend such days at grandpa's as they spent in hay-making weather last summer. Whoever may miss a good time, the children will have theirs. Beatific childhood! It has no worries, no cares, no rent to pay, no stock market to watch, no bills to dread, no troubles that a night's sleep and a mother's kiss cannot cure.

I hear young people scoff at the family reunion. They vote the family dinner a deadly dull affair; they evade, if they can, Uncle Silas and Aunt Rebecca, and the old-maid cousins whose age is a matter of conjecture, and the bevy of small fry whose chatter and fun bore them beyond endurance. Are they degenerate, these candid young Americans, so wanting in deference, so intolerant of what they regard as mere time-worn custom? Not in the least. They are representative of their

period, which is one of bustle and rush and flurry and flutter. They have no leisure for the serenities of a conservative past, that so gently lays its arresting hand on their tumultuous present. There is only one thing really left for them, and that is in the name of sentiment and common sense to utilize Thanksgiving Day for courtship.

You remember your Emerson, do you not?

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs ;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth ;
The mill-round of our fate appears,
A sun-path in thy worth.

None of the aims and ambitions that absorb the young man anxious to climb is worth being mentioned in the same breath with falling in love, and choosing the right sweetheart, one to whom he may say "Grow old along with me," one who will be the delight of his eyes to his journey's end.

Single life is accepted by overprudent young men and women because they honestly fear they cannot afford to marry. Well, if they want every

superfluity of furniture, every luxury of wealth, perhaps they cannot; but for the brave who are satisfied with homely comfort, the Thanksgiving Day that hears them put a certain interrogation, and notes its low-voiced answer, will be a golden mile-stone on the way. Shall I tell you of an idyl? Behold a pair who have kept many joyful Thanksgivings. They dwell in a house of stone furnished with gold and silver plate and the finest porcelain, but once they were radiantly happy with cheap crockery, pressed glass and a rag carpet, when the young husband poured his Saturday night's wages into his wife's lap, and she did every bit of the work, and thought it play. Is romance gone from the earth, that our bachelors and maidens have grown so timorous, or is Love cheapened at the bargain-counter, that so many pull the hat over the eyes and do not know him when he tries to salute them in the morning sunshine or the evening hush?

True love and true lovers can never go out of fashion, and the happy ones who learn this will have a continual thank-offering to present on the altar of God. The trend is to defer marriage ever later, so that bride and groom are as often in the thirties as in the twenties, and both have lost something of the first careless rapture of

youth, a little of the bright enthusiasm has gone; they are apt to set an undue valuation on the environment, to be too solicitous over rugs and chairs and tables. Should we change all this, and pattern after the people who survey us from family portraits, after the lady with the high comb and the rose in her corsage, and the gentleman in the ruffled shirt and the black stock, we might give points to future generations worth noticing, as they have done to us. The commercial ideal was less potential in the days when Copley painted than in these days of the multimillionaire. Nor was incompatibility so gruesome a spectre then, nor divorce so common, nor home so lightly abandoned for the shelter of some hostelry masquerading as a home, but achieving only a pinch-beck imitation of the genuine article.

The question, For what are we grateful, is pertinent. Setting aside the hundred and one reasons why the nation is thankful, what are the occasions that most move the individual to praise our Father in heaven? I take it that they are of two kinds—those that concern our personal life and experience, and those that have to do with us as home-lovers and members of the community in which we are residents.

Is it merely negative to suggest that if we have

not progressed as fast in goodness, sweetness, courtesy, candour, kindness and self-denial as we could wish, we ought honestly to be very glad that we are no worse? In public we glibly bemoan ourselves as miserable sinners, but we hotly resent the charge if anybody dares make it to our faces. "I fink I'm pretty good," said a little lad of five, urged to call himself naughty when his own self-respect knew that he had been doing the best he could among a lot of trying and perverse grown-ups. We might be worse. In taking note of ourselves let us not be less lenient than the recording angel who sets down to our account a good many little things that we have forgotten, and erases a good many little things that we regret. If we have not been rude and disagreeable, if we have made children and old people happier, we have something for which to be thankful. If we have worn old bonnets and old gowns with such an air that onlookers naturally supposed we had been down to the shore and seen our ship coming in full-freighted, that is a thing for which to be thankful. If we have so "toted ourselves," as an old coloured aunty said to me, that every one has found us pleasant, we may indeed keep a private day of heart-felt thanksgiving.

As members of society we certainly have our

good things for which to praise God. For healthful homes and towns, immunity from pestilence and fever, for dry cellars, good drainage and clean streets, we may be grateful. If we live in the country or in any town that is not a big city, which is about as lonesome as a howling wilderness, we may be very thankful for the neighbours who run in sociably, whose people we know, and who care for us and ours.

"I am going to be married," wrote a dear girl, "under the apple-trees in our orchard, and all the townsfolk are coming. There isn't a soul to be left out."

As one walks the village street, under branching elms and maples, he or she constantly meets friends who went to the same school, whose Christian names slip smoothly from the tongue. There is no sense of strangeness. The triumph of one is the delight of all. If a son or daughter of the hamlet goes to the farthest corner of the globe and does a fine and worthy thing, the township is proud. It is somehow heart-warming to feel that everybody in a circuit of miles from a central court-house has a partial ownership in Abner Bailey's boy or Deacon Cortright's girl. Yes, we are thankful through and through for good, loyal and plain-living neighbours. If we are a little

farther ahead financially than we were last year; if the home is paid for and the crops have been good; if the daughter is going to college and having the desire of her heart; if the son has been graduated with distinction; if any bit of happy fortune has been ours, let us thank God. And let us thank Him for the grateful heart that owns His loving care, and takes every day as a gift from heaven.

I am afraid we women are so terribly in earnest most of the time that we forget that it is our bounden duty now and then to be frivolous. There are people who seem at a loss when there is nothing but fun on the carpet, when there are no wrongs to right, no sinners to reform and no untidiness to clear away. When an American matron has finished every single thing her conscience dictates, there is sure to be one thing left that she has not done. She has not left a margin for her own enjoyment.

Thanksgiving Day fitly draws to its close with jolly games, in which old and young may join, or with a home dance that ends with a merry Virginia reel. Pray, dear lady, throw dignity to the winds, and do not let the children or the grandchildren monopolize the gaiety of the hour. Of all the absolutely footless things that women

do, the most footless, the most witless, is to cease the battle with old Time, when he cheats them into fancying that they are too old or too staid or too proper to have good times at home with their dear ones.

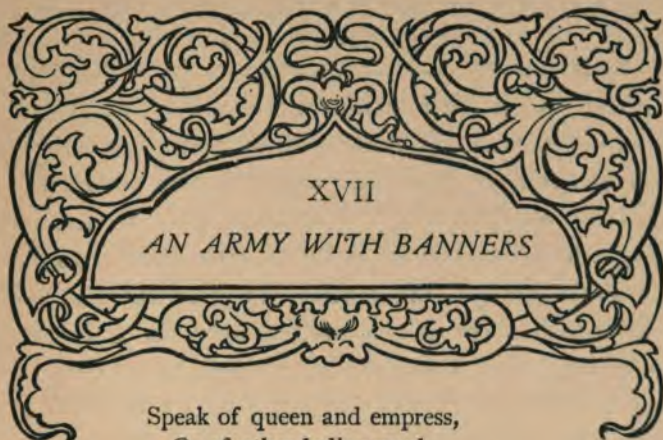
On Thanksgiving Day we may fitly put our losses and our crosses in the background, and keep them there; shut our worries into the lumber-room of the mind, and turn the key on the whole troublesome brood.

The songs of Thanksgiving should be the songs of our country. Music and story-telling may bring the day to its happy close—happiest if there be an open fire on the hearth. November gales are wild, though there are Thanksgivings when November beams in an Indian-summer mood. Either way, with the falling of the dusk there should be a blaze on the hearth, and the simplest home will warm into sumptuous splendour in its roseate glow. Driftwood or soft coal or pine knots, when the gloaming gathers and the stars peep out in the far blue sky, light the fire, and in its cozy arc complete Thanksgiving Day.

When the boys who preferred football to a feast have returned jubilant or crestfallen, and been properly regaled with a Thanksgiving supper; when the final good-nights have been said and

the last kisses given ; when father bolts the doors and turns out the lights, then let tired heads seek soft pillows for the sleep that comes after a cheerful day.

Farewell, our latest Thanksgiving ! Another next year ! God save the commonwealth !



Speak of queen and empress,
Or of other ladies royal,
Not one of them has half the power
Or subjects half so loyal
As she, the little schoolma'am,
Who trips along the way
To take the chair she makes a throne
At nine o'clock each day.



T is nine o'clock in the morning.
All over the land the children are
gathered in school. In the cities
they throng the pavements be-
tween eight and nine, a gay pro-
cession, alert, important, moving onward side by
side with other pedestrians, yet having a life and
work of their own. Along the country roads they
trudge, heedless of the snow or the cold, bundled
up to their chins by careful mothers, and merrily
taking the path that leads to the district school,

where the teacher waits for them, her face bright with welcome. Whether the children go to a great graded school with many classes and recitation rooms and every modern appliance for assisting education, or to a little red schoolhouse under leafless trees, at the corner of a highway packed hard with snow, is a matter of little real moment. Our boys and girls are being taught the principles of conduct that shall influence them for the future, and these principles are more vital than what they learn from their text-books.

I like to sit at my window in the morning and watch the little groups that pass my door on the way to school. The girls are rosy with health, the boys sturdy and strong. In the country town where I live the children form a large part of the population. The fathers start for business early. Soon after they have left the place to its daily quiet, the children emerge from doors up and down the street and set out for the business of their day. They are as happy as song birds, and look as if their mothers had kissed them and bidden them behave and do their best. One knows that these children are mother-watched, and that they have nothing but pleasure before them in the schoolroom. The old days of harsh discipline and severe teachers are non-existent

now. At this period few children have anything to fear from stern masters. On the contrary, the finer force of love has been invoked, and children are gently led by easy steps into the steeper paths of learning, the rough places being made plain for them by teachers trained in every art of advanced pedagogy.

When first you send your little man or maid to school, you reach a parting of the ways that is never to be forgotten. Hitherto the child has been close beside you, sheltered and protected in the nursery, and the soft brooding of the mother-wing has lingered as in baby days over the small head. How lonesome is that first empty day when you miss the chatter of the eager tongue and the mischief and movement of little hands and feet. You say to yourself that it is foolish to be sorry that your little one has grown old enough for kindergarten, or it may be for the primary class, and yet you do realize that your baby has flitted away, and in his place or hers has appeared a personality quite distinct, and fated from this hour to assume colour and shape of its own in the world. You would not have it otherwise, and still there is a bit of a heartache as you take your book or your sewing and watch the hands slowly moving around the clock face. You will be glad

when school is out and your darling is with you again.

Mothers grow used to the experience by the time they send the fifth or the sixth child to school. Even then they never lose the wistful regret, the intense sympathy and the vague alarm that are instinctive when mother-birds first watch the flight of the fledglings from the nest.

Have you ever reflected that after your children enter on their school days, they spend more time with the teacher than with you? The school receives, molds, and sets upon them its ineffaceable stamp. The teacher impresses their minds with her ideas and shows them her ideals. Largely, the teachers of youth during childhood and up to adolescence are women. They constitute a body of conscientious and devoted public servants—efficient, capable and charming. They have studied their profession and bring to it courage, faith and enthusiasm. The successful teacher deals with the individual child. It is a little difficult to comprehend how she does this in an overcrowded city classroom, but it would be untrue and unfair to overlook the fact that she does it, and in multiplied cases reaches a plane of influence with the children of which their parents have not dreamed. She holds back the quick but superficial child, and

urges forward the dull or indolent one. Hand in hand with what she imparts about geography and arithmetic go precepts that children remember, and stories of goodness and heroism that are to the listening group an inspiration. The teacher is usually very much loved by her pupils. When they dislike her, treat her with disrespect or suspicion, there is a fault somewhere, and ordinarily that fault lurks in the home attitude.

Your children know at a glance how you feel towards their teacher. If you are patronizing or indifferent or contemptuous in your tone towards her, they are fully aware of your feeling, and it will be strange if the feeling is not reciprocal. The teacher should be a dear friend of the family. Invite her to be a guest under the roof, and if she be a stranger far from home, endeavour to include her in the family festivals. Quote her with admiration. When the children come home with complaints, attend to them with interest, but be sure to withhold an opinion until you have had time for investigation. If you think it wise to see the teacher and remonstrate about a mistake that, in your judgment, she has made, take pains to do so without the knowledge of the children. To sustain the teacher in the presence of the children is a duty, and it must be accepted, although there

may be times when affection pulls strongly in an opposite direction. Bear in mind that the children, dear and sweet as they may be, are not perfect. Neither is the teacher, but while she is responsible for the training of your children they must not question her authority. If you are convinced that she is capricious, unjust, tyrannical or incompetent, remove your children from the school. But while they are in school, be fair to the teacher.

Children under twelve should not be burdened with much home work. The lessons for the next day ought to be almost entirely prepared in the schoolroom, and the time before and after school should be free for the little errands and tasks that belong to helping mother and to a great deal of outdoor play. Let children romp. Nothing is more undesirable than a brain developed at the expense of the rest of the body. The danger point with a great many mothers is marked by the fear lest their children shall not be promoted at the end of every term, or by disturbance when neighbour children carry off more honours than theirs. If a period arrive when children are habitually listless, worn out and nervous, consult the family physician, and if he advise withdrawal from school for three months or for six, do not hesitate to obey

him. During childhood it is imperative that the physical life be built on strong and enduring foundations. If school work make too great a drain on vitality, let it be interrupted for a while.

Before arriving at this conclusion, look over the field carefully. The child who has persistent headaches may be suffering from defective vision, and a skillful oculist might remove the trouble by giving the strained eyes proper glasses. The child who is irritable and apparently heedless may not have perfect hearing. Children are often reprovved for inadvertence when they are simply a little deaf. Too much candy and a surfeit of rich food may do a child a thousand times more harm than is done in the schoolroom. Children at school need regular hours, wholesome food and abundance of sleep. The child who is permitted to sit up night after night until ten o'clock, when eight o'clock should be the hour for bedtime, is in a fair way to break down in school. The blame lies at the home door, and not at that of the school.

When practicable, children should take their luncheon at home in the middle of the day. The walk to and from school freshens them, and the noonday meal is eaten with excellent appetite.

When a luncheon must be carried to school, you

should prepare it yourself, nor should you forget that care as to the preparation of a cold luncheon has much to do with making it a tempting feast or a forlorn makeshift. The basis of a school luncheon is bread and butter. But bread may be cut in rough chunks instead of in thin slices. There are sandwiches that are delights and sandwiches that are horrors. The bread for a school sandwich should be cut smoothly and evenly and with as much nicety as if an afternoon tea or a reception were on foot, and not a mere every-day school luncheon. You may make your sandwiches of simple bread and butter, or you may use a filling of jam, minced ham or chicken, cheese, peanut butter, or anything else that is appetizing. Children like variety. Do not give them the same thing day after day. Hard-boiled eggs, a cup custard, fruit and plain cake, all equally serve the requirements of the school luncheon. A box or basket may be used to carry it, and paraffin paper is suitable for wrapping the separate articles.

It is sometimes possible to make an arrangement with the school management and children may pay a daily or weekly sum for a warm luncheon provided there, but this is exceptional, and perhaps the home food is likely to be the better choice. Growing children ought to be hungry.

On their return from school it is well to give them something to eat if they crave it, as the interval between the noonday lunch at school and dinner or supper at night is too long for a boy or girl with whom digestion is rapid and who is sure to suffer from hunger if obliged to wait upon the convenience of grown people. Do not allow nibbling all day long. Eating between meals should be regulated by the clock.

Suppose for an instant that you and I turn a leaf in our lives and look back at our own school days. I do not know how it is with you, but one of the sunniest spots in my life as a child was the noon hour at school when we girls in summer ate our luncheon under a great oak tree, making a lovely picnic and festival of the repast, exchanging toothsome dainties, and having the happiest time children ever had until the bell rang to summon us back to school. Names and faces, tones and echoes come back to me cheerily over the years, as I think of those hours full of charm, of birds and breezes in the summer, and in winter just as pleasant, when we had a classroom all to ourselves, warm, light and cheerful, when we spread our table and sat around it, and the time slipped away so fast that we always heard the bell that called us to duty with a start of surprise.

You, too, I know, remember incidents in the school day, incidents of the recess and the noon, that make you ready to laugh and cry when you talk them over with the friends who were girls with you.

"I don't like Edith's mother," I heard a little girl say with emphasis. "I am sorry for Edith. Her mother is always busy and is always saying, 'Run away and don't bother me,' and she never lets Edith do a single thing she wants to."

What a commentary on the errors of a mother who has no leisure for her child or for the friends the child brings from school. "Run away and don't bother me." Ah, mother, do what you will, the childish years are running away with speed, and all too soon there will be no need for you to fear being bothered.

When the children's playmates are averse to staying within sight and hearing of the children's mother, there is something not quite as it should be. We have to make up our minds as to the relative importance of certain situations and conditions.

The little schoolgirl's heart must be an open book for her mother to read. Its pages should be white, unstained by premature knowledge, and fragrant with innocence.

You will not fail to become acquainted with the girls who play and recite with your daughter. When one sees two bright heads close together, or follows lovingly the progress of two young girls walking arm in arm down the street, one is thrilled with the promise of the dawn, the gracious dawn of womanhood. It is the greatest of pities when, once in a while, the serpent enters the childish Eden in the person of a vulgar, curious or ill-bred little girl, who has not been taught the difference between right and wrong by a conscientious mother.

You will, of course, teach your little daughter to avoid those girls who seek to impart secrets to her, and you can best do this by giving her the password of safety, "I always tell everything to my mother." The child who does this is shielded from evil.

Does it sound trite to say that for children and mother alike the very happiest days are those when school and home meet in a benign partnership? They are busy days, crowded with cares and anxieties, and filled with responsibility, but each of them is a cup-bearer to the gods. Each of them carries a chalice brimming with honey. You will never have happier days in all your life than those you spend when the children go merrily to

school in the morning and rush home in the afternoon, shouting as they enter the door, "Mother, mother, where is mother?"

Do not worry over torn frocks and muddy trousers, do not be disturbed about trifles, but take the happy days as they come and live with your children. You will have plenty of time for other engagements a few years hence. At present nothing is so important as the children's education. Let the school help you, and on your part help the school.



As the rose surveys the rosebud
So the mother, wistful, wise,
Sees her girlhood hours repeated
In these merry laughing eyes.



XVIII

THE MOTHER AND HER
GIRLS

Train them for service. In this world of ours
The thorns are ever nigh the sweetest flowers.
Train them for gladness in the days to come,
For all sweet uses in the simple home.



FROM the hour of the little maid's arrival to the day when she reaches womanhood, and long after that, the daughter is a continual gift of God to the mother. She is often a puzzle and a wonder, a mystery and an interrogation point, but she is nevertheless an inspiration and a delight.

In a large family there is room for variety, and one daughter may be a replica of her mother, while another is dissimilar, and the same diversity may be seen among sons. American families are seldom very large, yet that mother is to be congratulated who is in no danger of emulating the hen with one chicken. Five or six children in a

family keep one another company and help in the task of bringing themselves up.

The problems that confront those who have before them the training of girls for life and its duties are very real and differ in marked degree from those that were faced by our grandmothers.

Questions arise that must be answered. Conditions and circumstances have altered since the days when girlhood was always sheltered and young women were never expected to work for themselves unless they were unprovided with masculine relatives.

Before women in great numbers had entered business and forced their way into the learned professions the accepted sphere of young women was found in the home. A girl was trained for domestic life first, and frequently was prepared for no other.

During a period of development in which women's lives in this new country were handicapped by hard conditions, mothers were almost universally the toilers, and daughters the lilies of the field, who neither toil nor spin; mothers stayed at home and did the work or helped the inefficient maid as she feebly meandered through its routine, and daughters went to parties and picnics, and carried on their innocent flirtations without interference from their mothers.

"Eleanor is to be married in the fall," said one of these inconspicuous and wearily drudging mothers of a bygone day. "Her father and I think she is making a great mistake. We do not like the young man, and in fact we know very little about him. Eleanor met him last year when she was visiting her Cousin Marion in Chicago. But what can we do? She is the one most concerned, and she has put her foot down."

That was the old attitude. The girl, if she wished, could put down her little foot; the affair concerned herself, and her mother was not expected to meddle. In the instance of Eleanor, as in many another, the marriage turned out a failure.

While it opposes our traditions and is not admitted to be our accepted method of dealing with Love's young dream, we are gradually learning that it is well for a mother to place a guiding hand upon, to take a genuine interest in and to watch with vigilance the progress of her daughter's intimacy with the man who seeks her in marriage. The intriguing mother of fiction, the managing mother who wards off detrimentals, and whose goal, pursued with steady aim, is the timely getting rid of her daughters, one by one, in the matrimonial market, is an unknown species with

us. Yet the mother who is herself an honoured and beloved wife longs to see her daughters safely moored in the domestic haven, and in society it is her prerogative tactfully and wisely to guard them before they shall take a step that must affect their entire lives for happiness or misery.

We would be the gainers were the pendulum to swing backwards and the emphasis again be placed on the preparation of daughters for beautiful home life. This does not mean that a girl who has no aptitude for the needle should be obliged to spend precious time in learning to sew, or that her sister without an atom of talent for music should be compelled to drudge over scales and exercises when, instead of sitting at the piano, she ought to be running races with her brothers in the sunshine; it does not mean that every girl should be taught to cook, to sweep, to make beds and to become past-mistress of the actual arts of housewifery. An intelligent girl seldom finds it impossible to attain a measure of proficiency and some creditable skill in housework when she has it to do. Home making is a step higher than housekeeping, and a woman may be at the same time a very notable housekeeper and an unsuccessful home maker. The mother should think of her girls as home makers by and by, and home

helpers in childhood. They should be taught, as the foundation on which other qualities must rest, self-control and altruism, not self-effacement. In a time that our young girls, if they think of it at all, regard as prehistoric, Mary was not mentioned in the same breath with John. She was expected to wait on her brother and sacrifice her own desires for his pleasure. He had the best of everything, certainly in education, and frequently in less vital matters. In our day we do not ask self-effacement in our girls. We do not want to see them weak, flabby and hysterical ; we expect them to set the right value on speech and on silence, to rise superior to their temperaments, and not to be the slaves of caprice or vanity. We earnestly try, if we are wise, to free our girls from the tyranny of the personal viewpoint. A young woman in the home should be able to survey things from the viewpoint of others, as well as from the one that belongs specially to herself. To be ready for beautiful home life girls must be sweet tempered, brave, gentle, truthful and tactful. The latter combination makes for nobility in spirit and behaviour. To be at once entirely sincere, yet never harsh or cynical, to be so tactful that one never wounds the *amour propre* of a neighbour, to be loving and lovable, are traits and endowments

that prepare a girl for home life far better than the most thorough knowledge of baking, brewing and scouring.

Yet a girl should know something of domestic detail. A mother is not fair to her girls if she allow them to grow up without the slightest acquaintance with what may be called the cost of labour. I do not mean its cost when paid for in dollars and cents. I mean its net value in the ache it brings to muscle and sinew, and the weariness and fag it brings to the tissues of the brain. When we understand this sort of value as we ought we shall have lessened friction between mistress and maid.

The daughter in the home, if altruistic, will think twice before her weekly laundry work is beyond the amount that should be laid upon the overburdened shoulders of a woman not much older than herself, and she will not invite friends to luncheon on the morning when the ironing basket overflows or the weekly sweeping is the order of the day.

One of the principal functions of a girl in her home, as it is one of the functions of woman at each successive stage, is to be pleasing and attractive and to make people happy. The mother who so trains her daughters that they are full of

charm, sweetness and steadfastness has scored a success.

Do not be unduly disturbed, dear mother, at the dawning of a day almost sure to come in your experience. If girls have strong characters, if they are able to stand on their own feet, they will reach a station where the train they take may lead them away from you. Girls have said to me, with a shade of sadness, that they regretted that they must sometimes make decisions of which their mothers did not approve. One of the temptations to which we fallible mothers are liable is that of ignoring the obvious fact that grown-up daughters or daughters nearly grown are not babies any longer and are not to be compelled to yield their individuality to ours. Even though you may wish with all your heart that Josephine should devote her time to society after her school days are over, or that Emily should stay at your side and be your daily delight in the household, you must let your preferences sink out of sight if Josephine determine to be a doctor or Emily is called upon to become a foreign missionary. There are crises in young lives and there are places where two roads meet, and the only thing for a mother to do, having given such counsel as she thinks best, is to leave her daughters entirely free to work out their own

problems. Enormous trouble and overwhelming disaster may follow interference in the management of other people's lives, and although daughters are part of your own existence, yet you cannot treat them as if you were an autocrat. Give your daughters room for individual expansion and liberty of choice. Sometimes they must try their wings in daring flights; they may find it a happy thing to come back to the nest, or they may never return to stay there in quiet ease. In either case you will not lose them or their love by letting them test their own strength and endurance.

The mother who is domineering and the mother who is fretful and pessimistic alike makes a mistake in her treatment of her girls. After childhood is past each human being must face destiny as an individual.

Unless girls are physically strong their chances for usefulness and happiness will be meagre. You who began with the daughter when she was a little creature whom you held in your arms have had much to do with furnishing her with a good capital on which she may later draw. As the child by imperceptible steps changes into girlhood, and later into womanhood, you will be obliged to exercise tender care lest she slip from the safe moorings of health, and become, if not a

nervous invalid, a fragile being for whom disease is forever lying in wait. The functions of sex can never be safely ignored by mothers in the raising of their daughters. How much to say to a child, when to speak, when to be silent, at transition periods, are puzzling questions to conscientious mothers. Shall we brush away with ruthless hand the soft, translucent veil of innocence, shall we endanger the sweet purity of the girl who is approaching her early teens, by telling her secrets of Nature which in time she will be compelled to know? What to say, what to do, what not to say and do, are to delicate-minded mothers distressing questions. One thing you may safely determine upon, and it allows of no exception: Do not leave to strangers, to servants, to ill-bred and coarse-minded persons the office of revelation that only a mother can properly take on herself when the well-being, health and future delicacy of her girls are in the balance. There is a prudishness that is allied to folly in its reluctance to assume a plain duty. On the other hand, there is a haste so anxious to break the spell of virginal tranquillity that it is indecorous and almost brutal. Mothers have inquired in good faith whether they ought not to talk to their little girls of six and seven years about facts that can be safely left to

silence for a long time to come. In the same family there may be instances requiring different treatment, but only the mother is fitted to be the priestess who shall unlock forbidden mysteries to growing daughters.

When curiosity awakens in any direction, the mother who has lived so closely with her daughters that she has their entire confidence will know how best to deal with it. Be confidential with your girls and keep them at your side in friendly intimacy as long as you can.

What a heartache comes to a mother when she realizes, as occasionally she does, that her girls are not in touch with her, that their sympathies have ceased to be hers, and that they seek other counsel and companionship, and treat her as though she were somehow aloof from or indifferent to them. This cannot happen where day by day the mother keeps the friendly confidence and half-sisterly comradeship that make the estate of motherhood and daughterhood the most perfect thing on earth.

When the scales of adjustment tip ever so unfairly in the home you may look for heartaches and suffering. Why do thousands of mothers deliberately train their daughters to selfishness, and so underrate themselves and so put aside their

own rights that the younger generation is almost sure to become arrogant and grasping? Because your daughter has had opportunities for a wider education than your own, because she is young and pretty and blooming while you are faded and tired, are not reasons why you should in the least underestimate yourself. A mother is always a mother. She has experience that is in itself worth as much in mental discipline as aught that a college can bestow. If there must be choice as to indulgences, holidays, dress, and the like, it is not fair to give daughters everything while mothers ask nothing.

A great many maternal self-denials are accepted in sheer thoughtlessness by girls who imagine that their mothers have ceased to care for their looks, or have no looks to care for, who fancy that they prefer old clothes to new and solitude to society.

Let the balance be fair. Justice in the long run is what we owe to one another. Justice often makes loving kindness possible when otherwise there would be misery and animosity.

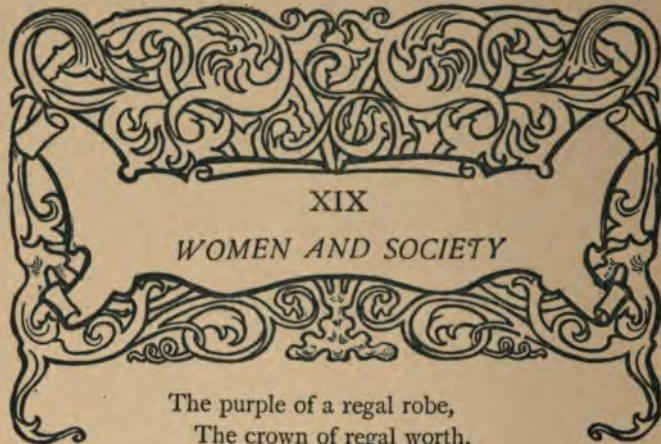
The usual health rate of women is higher than formerly, and it is not uncommon for a mother in her later forties to have the gladness of spirit and brightness of aspect that make her seem like an older sister to her girls. Now and then this

mother wears a look of youth and health that throws the more serious countenances of her daughters into the shade. "Mother is the youngest of us all," exclaimed a girl, with perfect sincerity. And the statement was not an exaggeration.

Girls in their twenties often feel the surge of the coming years, and their temperaments drive them to unrest. Their mothers have lived through the turmoil and effervescence and have gained a quiet haven. Mothers and their girls ought to have good times together, good times at home and abroad. The pleasant custom that makes it imperative that young girls should be chaperoned when they go about has among other advantages the fact that it necessarily includes mothers in the jaunts and outings and the several entertainments which would be dull to stupidity were the young people left out. A fund of jests, anecdotes and memories common to a household belongs to those who have lived under the same roof all their lives. They know the little ways of the kindred, and they are able to secure a spice of fun out of incidents and episodes that are at times exasperating. A long acquaintanceship and years of sweet commonplace familiarity make ideal the relation of the mother and the daughter, and although once in

awhile there may be misunderstanding, it is not of the kind that breeds suspicion and jealousy.

The good times may be interrupted by a wedding by and by, when the daughter who is first to go to a home of her own leaves the shelter of the mother's brooding wing. There is a little wrench in this, but it is soon over, and new vistas open before the mother and her girls as one by one they leave the home in the haunting melody of the wedding march.



XIX

WOMEN AND SOCIETY

The purple of a regal robe,
The crown of regal worth,
She wears who sways in gentleness
The sceptre of her hearth.



HE very prettiest of social functions is the coming out of a *débutante*. Invitations more or less formal summon the friends of a household to offer their congratulations when a daughter in the fair dawn of girlhood is presented by her mother to society.

Hitherto the young girl has been withdrawn in the seclusion of home and school from participation in the gaities of her mother's world. She may indeed have been at times a little hovering figure on the edge of teas and receptions, and as a child she has, of course, been known by acquaintances of her parents, but her recreations

and amusements up to the hour of her technical introduction to the activities of life have been kept in a sheltered background. I am assuming that the girl I mean has been well and thoroughly educated, that she has had opportunities for acquiring graceful accomplishments, and that probably she has been graduated from the college of her choice.

However this may be, in her early twenties our girl is as bewitching and enchanting in her youthful charm as ever was princess in any palace under the sun. The occasion of her entrance on the social arena may be her birthday or simply a day convenient to her mother, and the time set is probably the afternoon, between four and seven. Flowers, music, interchange of compliments and courtesy, dainty refreshments and the pleasant bustle of a crowd surging to and fro are the accompaniments of this milestone in girlish life. A milestone it is, marking the separation, definite and positive, of the child in the background from the young woman in the centre of the stage. The mother recognizes this, and as she proudly receives her friends and presents her daughter she experiences not so much a feeling of retrogression as of renewal. She will begin again, with her daughter under her wing, a round of visits, enter-

tainments and triumphs that were her portion when she was a girl.

In society of the refined and fastidious order, whether it be in one section or another, in a rural community or a metropolis, the daughter must be properly chaperoned, and good custom exacts that she for a while at least shall remain under the protecting shadow of her mother. At the junior promenade, at a dance, a dinner or in a theatre party the girl radiant in her bloom, daintily dressed, attractive and at ease in manner, and by no means awkward or shy, is still the satellite and not the planet. That is an extremely crude and primitive state of society in which daughters take the lead and mothers occupy back seats.

Mothers and daughters should have friends in common. No blunder can be worse than that which divides a family into three or four encampments—father and mother having one set of acquaintances, John and Harry another, and Dorothy and Gladys yet a third. In some homes there appears to be almost no life in which the family takes part as a whole. Everything tends towards disintegration. The younger and older members of the household are like ivory balls touching but not mingling, smooth and polished but aloof each

from the other, with little that can be called social intercourse. So far as community of interest is concerned, they do not know its name and they have no secret of combination.

One saving influence exerted for the good of all comes into gracious being when a mother, availing herself of the privileges of her age and position, learns the happy art of blending home and social relations. She brings her home, if she is successful in her endeavour, into the midst of the society about her, and she brings the best that society can give into the heart of the home. It is the greatest of pities to find a woman in her forties or not very much beyond the sunny meridian of fifty dropping into purely domestic life, vibrating between the storeroom and the kitchen range, devotedly darning stockings, contentedly sinking out of sight and forgetting that she has a single obligation beyond the feeding and clothing of her goodman and her sons and daughters.

When friends happen in of an evening it is not at all the right and proper thing that the mother should sit in her chamber, or in some retired nook of a back parlour, while her girls are the festive entertainers; and when this is the rule, it soon comes to pass that mother's friends are in the minority, and the friends of the girls have very

slight acquaintance with mother. There is, to be sure, a golden mien. I have known a few mothers whose principal aim seemed to be to outshine their daughters, and I have heard of mournful examples of hardship, where the mother's pervading omnipresence and persistent ubiquity kept her daughters in the realm of the spinster, from the bloom of sixteen to the—shall I call it blight?—of five and forty.

"Mildred and Elizabeth never really had any show," exclaimed a married schoolmate of these charming maiden ladies, in a burst of confidence. "You see, they were never allowed to have individual friends. The friends were always received by the entire family, and those who might have been something more than friends were frightened off. Poor Mildred, and poor Elizabeth!"

Truly this question of family friendship has more aspects than one.

Society is a term that very nearly defies precise definition. One woman means by it that portion of the community which fares sumptuously every day, is seen rushing about in motor cars or driving behind swift horses, has its doings reported in the newspapers, and is conspicuous for display. Her neighbour with a truer estimate of the appellation understands society as inclusive of her friends and

acquaintances, the people in her church, the agreeable folk in her own and adjacent towns, and, in brief, the men and women of congenial tastes and pursuits who are good company when together and sympathetic though apart.

A friend told me that she had the pleasure of meeting one summer in the mountains a very lovely and cultivated woman whose home town was in western New York. The subsequent winter she happened to be a guest at a Southern seaside inn, where she found herself in the same group with a lady who came from the town of her summer friend. She questioned her new acquaintance, in the hope of hearing something regarding one who had interested her, but was amazed when this freezing reply, in a tone of haughty contempt, checked her inquiry, "Oh, Mrs. Blank? Yes, I believe she does live in Brownville, but I don't know her. She is not in society."

My friend said to me, and might have said to her arrogant acquaintance, that she was sorry for the society that did not admit so gracious and intelligent a person as Mrs. Blank.

It should behoove mothers, themselves the fit leaders of opinion, to oppose this un-American sentiment and make society so elastic that it will draw into its warm, bright and loving atmosphere

every one, young or old, of either sex, who can bring to it a worth-while contribution. Good manners and good morals ought to be the open sesame to good society, and mothers should be satisfied with these as passwords, and with nothing else.

Having settled in our minds what we mean by society, our next step is to determine what place we shall give it in our plan of life. In deciding whether the home shall be in one location or another, a decision that frequently rests much more with the wife than the husband, there should be taken into account the people who will gather there, and the associations into which the family will by degrees glide as the children reach maturity. There are neighbourhoods that ought, if possible, to be avoided, because there will be few opportunities in them for the elevating social intercourse that helps to educate boys and girls. There are neighbourhoods to be sought at a sacrifice, if need be, for the reason that the young people will there meet those with whom they may form useful and enduring friendships. No definition of society is satisfactory to the thoughtful mother that omits what it may bring into children's lives.

Society is not unlike a wheel. It has a centre, diverging spokes and a sort of circumference.

The centre for many of us is our church. In very large cities, where families are widely scattered, the church home has less to do with the intercourse of its people than in smaller places, where most families are within walking distance of their church. The several associations belonging to an active church—the Leagues, Guilds, Endeavour Circles, Ladies' Aid and Men's Clubs—are the spokes of the social wheel. From centre to circumference there is a warm, pulsating friendliness in a church where good-fellowship prevails. Here everybody takes a hand, and mothers are generally among the most considered and influential members of the social strata.

No single influence is so vital in promoting womanly enlargement, in broadening the womanly sphere and in keeping the mother youthful and strong as that which focuses in the woman's club. The notion that to be a good mother a woman must wear herself out in drudgery, drift beyond sight of the public, dwell in a rut which holds her fast, is a notion that the woman's club successfully explodes. In the organizations of these admirable societies there is room for diversity. Classes are open for varieties of study, and the mother who is beginning to look with a little awe on her young sons and daughters may catch a new ardour, and

keep step with them in the race, by joining a class within her club in any branch that attracts her. Let it be domestic science or music or English literature, advanced German or child culture; let it be a Shakespeare class or a class for the study of Greek art, the woman who joins it is at once drawn into the meshes of a magnetic and delightful society. She writes papers, and at the appointed season reads them; she grows familiar with parliamentary tactics; she learns self-restraint and expression; she is freshened and beautified and made more than ever attractive by the stimulating friction and mental contacts of the club.

A mothers' club is very helpful to youthful matrons, but for the mother who has young people about her a club that deals with problems outside and beyond maternity is by far more useful.

Society to be quite perfect must show deference to the older women, must pay its homage to the grandmother. She can give it what no one else can—treasures of experience, a fund of interesting memories and the dignity and benignity of well-spent years. In one of James Lane Allen's delicately sympathetic romances of Southern life he introduces three charming figures, each beautiful in its personality, each dowered with a surpassing

loveliness. The three women stand together outlined by a master hand. There is the débutante in soft and tender unfolding of the bud; beside her the mother exquisite in a fuller bloom, and next her the grandmother with silver hair and unmarred grace, the consummation of the rose. They who fancy that society may safely be given over to the care of immature youth, they who ignore the exquisite charm of beautiful age, have not well learned the lessons of letters or of life.

Society at its best must be a reproduction of the world. In the world three generations are always moving together, interweaving, interchanging, taking a hand in the game. That is an ideal society in which we find each in its proper place, as in the page of the poet dreamer—the débutante, the mother and the grandmother.



Now no word of all the Scripture
Thrills a sweeter chord than this,
Stirs a richer retrospection
Of the soul's experienced bliss,
Than this promise, where the spirit
Strengthens weak and timid faith
With assurance of His Comfort :
"As the mother comforteth."



“HOW do you suppose mother will look on Emily's wedding day?” The question was asked in jesting mood by one of “mother's” sons, his only sister, the bride to be, standing before a mirror trying on the pretty hat that was to accompany her going-away gown. Emily turned from the mirror with a smile. She knew how her mother would look, and she answered without a second's hesitation, “Proudly tearful, of course.”

The first marriage in a family, if it be a daugh-

ter's, is very likely to make a mother wear a look of mingled pride and regret. Tears come quickly to her eyes as she supervises the dainty trousseau and hovers about the child who is leaving her, with a tenderness and anxiety that the child will never fully appreciate until years hence time may bring her a similar experience.

For both fathers and mothers the wrench of parting is hard to bear when the children forsake the home nest for homes of their own. But this is in the order of Nature, and belongs to the up-building of the world, to the long story of the race. Occasionally one encounters a family where the sons and daughters choosing to remain single have passed through childhood and youth to middle age and beyond, composing finally a household of old people. The brothers and sisters may have their own good times, but there is something unnatural or disappointing in the case, and they have missed a thousand delightful incidents and associations that come to the family when it extends its borders and by degrees takes on the dignity of a clan.

A family shut in upon itself grows narrow, and gradually loses touch with the outside world. Furthermore, it misses the events around which delightful associations cluster.

Betrothals, weddings, birthdays and family reunions constitute a never-ending significant series of events in home life. Through these the mother walks supreme, her influence constantly felt and her wishes consulted.

In another chapter allusion has been made to the high festivity of the wedding day and the perennial interest of society in the bride. Wedding cards are in a sense royal invitations. A wedding the wide world round is home's loftiest peep of pleasure, and its preparations key the home to concert pitch. The letting down when the wedding festivities conclude with the departure of the two most concerned is rather hard for those who stay behind. Somehow the banks of flowers, the bower of palms, the garlands over the doorways, and the disordered rooms lately so exquisitely arranged, emphasize the contrast between yesterday and to-day. Up to this point the home has revolved around Emily. In the pleasant weeks since the announcement of her engagement Emily has been the central personage in the family. Suddenly, as in the shifting of a kaleidoscope, the scene changes and Emily is a vanished figure.

"Where is your mother?" inquires paterfamilias, glancing absently about with an air of dejection.

"In Emily's room, probably," replies an aunt or cousin who has gone through this thing before. "Better leave her there a while, Jack."

But presently the father is missing, too. Should we open the door of Emily's room we would find husband and wife sitting together hand in hand, the lovers they have been during the years that their little girl has grown to womanhood.

They have confidence in the man to whom they have surrendered their darling, and they would have nothing changed. Yet the evening after the wedding cannot be very cheerful in the home that misses the bride, and a peep into the other home out of which a son has gone might reveal shadowed faces. The mother of the bridegroom has her particular burden of loss to bear as well as the mother of the bride. The old distich :

Your son's your son till he marries a wife,
Your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life,

roots itself deeply in most maternal hearts. In human experience and in home life under every sky there must be flood tide and ebb tide, the waves creaming in on the shore, the waves going out, leaving the shore bare and deserted, then returning once more with the song beat of the surf. The morning of the next day will bring the

blitheness back with the first happy message that comes from the dear ones.

Proverbially difficult for a newly married pair, the first twelvemonth is a trying time to the respective mothers. Each is slightly in danger of yielding to a disposition that common sense and kindness forbid her to indulge. The temptation to be critical, to bestow faint praise, to notice trifling flaws in the behaviour to one another of the young husband and wife, equally assails the mother of Emily and the mother of Tom.

The rule has its exceptions, but it is usually safe for the new home to be apart from an old one, and for the adjustments incidental to the start to take place without the observation of relatives. The foundation for lifelong intimacy and confidence or the reverse is often laid in this first year.

We hear of families that are closely united by ties of affection and of others that appear to hold together slightly, and should we look for an explanation of the difference we might often discover it in what happened at the outset. No mother should resent a transient independence on the part of her newly married daughter or an apparent indifference on that of her newly married son. Absorbed in each other as they ought to be and in the interests of their new life, the pair have

for a while less need of their parents than they will ever have again. After the first year there is no danger but that Emily will often want her mother and turn to her for advice and help, nor that Emily's husband will not have a warm welcome for both mother and mother-in-law whenever their cheery voices are heard in the house.

The marvel grows why mothers-in-law as a class should be unpopular. There is absolutely no excuse for putting under a ban women who are lovely and attractive in other connections simply because they have entered on a sort of fictitious maternity to somebody originally a stranger. I fancy the prejudice against the mother-in-law had its beginning where many ancient aversions and prejudices started, in the distant East, and in the patriarchal tent. If this is so, antiquity may account for the strength of its grasp on the modern mind. In India and China and other Oriental lands woman never reaches her coronation until she has sons old enough to marry. The son brings his wife to his father's house and she becomes subject to her husband's mother. The rule of the mother-in-law is frequently rigid and austere, as if she were revenging on the younger women much that she had suffered in her own person in a gloomy past. With us and universally

in Christian civilization no similar state of things exists, and in this, as in multiplied other conditions, Kipling's lines are verified :

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment
seat.

It may easily be that an older woman whose habits were formed and whose character was set in a mold years ago may not understand or have patience with a woman much her junior whose modes of speech and thought and manner are alien to hers. This occurs oftenest when a man finds his wife in a place and social group remote from those of his own early life, or when a girl marries a man with antecedents unlike hers. For example, the daughter of a judge, courtly, urbane, elegant, accustomed through her girlhood to every luxury that wealth could give and to the lavish spending of money, married a man of the legal profession who had behind him the traditions of plainness and poverty. He had worked his way from a stony hillside farm in New England, through college and the law school, had pinched and saved at every turn of the road, and had reached success through innumerable hard-

ships. He brought his mother, a gaunt, severe, hard-featured but heroic type of woman, a woman immured to self-denial and regarding extravagance as a sin and shame, to live under the same roof with his beautiful young bride. The two women were never friends. If they were not open foes it was because each had a core of goodness deep in her soul, but the home was never wholly happy, and the mother-in-law, always dreaded, never comprehended, was the bane of her new daughter's life. The disagreements, the tears, the annoyances of that marred home could never be told, and through them moved the husband of one and the son of the other, puzzled, wrathful and helpless. Men unspeakably hate cross currents in domestic life and seldom have the least notion how to steer amid them.

Mr. Meagles' formula, "Count five and twenty, Tattycorum," should be taken to heart by women, old and young, if in their "in-law" or other home relations they are in peril of saying words that may leave scars. We seldom regret what we have not said. We often mourn over hasty speech. Let it be added that in thousands of families the happiest mutual understanding obtains between the mother-in-law and the children. Who else has more at stake in the future of the

new family? Who else can be wronged by distrust and suspicion?

Providentially, too, the hours haste fleet-footed when new joys, new hopes and new occasions for united effort shall come to the elder and the younger matrons in the arrival of the babies. Little hands soft as crumpled rose leaves have a magical spell to draw close together true womanly hearts.

I have said that the young wife has a certain independence of her mother during the first year of marriage. After the babies come this independence is greatly modified, and mothers find their visits very welcome and much in demand. Sometimes the old-fashioned mother shakes her head and faintly protests, or strongly, according to her temperament, against modern methods in the nursery. Being sensible she does no more than protest; she does not interfere. The babies seem very wonderful to her and she enjoys them with a rapture not exceeded by that of their parents. One is told that grandmothers spoil grandchildren and are opposed to discipline and foolishly indulgent because they have not the direct responsibility of mothers. It depends a good deal on the individual grandmother. Elderly women often have theories to which they

cling. Usually age has mellowed and grown tolerant and learned that many trifling derelictions would better be passed over without notice, and that the best thing that can be done for childhood is to keep it healthy and make it happy.

When two grandmothers of the same child clasp hands over its little crib, a sweet and enduring friendship is often cemented between them.

Thanksgiving and Christmas, wedding days and birthdays, are occasions that should never be neglected in the larger life of the family. Even though the married children go far from the early home, they should make an effort to get together at stated intervals. Little cousins ought to know one another and be acquainted as brothers and sisters are. When long trips across the continent involve too great an expense for frequent visits, there is always the letter box on the street corner or the rural free delivery, and the post may be trusted to carry love messages safely from Maine to California, or around the circuit of the globe. How the mother at home watches for tidings from her married children, and how she grieves when for weeks and months she never receives a word and feels that she has dropped out of the daily lives of those for whom she toiled and saved years ago.

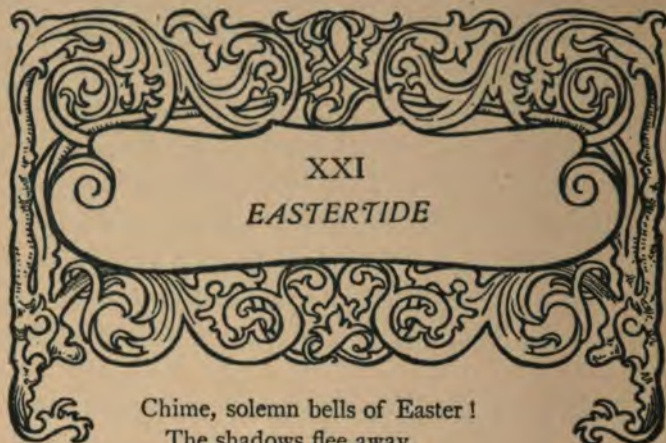
Do you owe your mother a letter or a visit or a gift, you who are far away from her now? Do not let the sun go down until you pay that debt of love. To me there is no more pathetic sight than that of a mother neglected or lonely in her old age. Even though the mother be still in her prime of strength and cheerfulness, her cup will be fuller of joy if her married children show her that they love and need her still.

Do not forget that although we may have many friends, we can have but one mother, and that no friend can be quite so intimate as she.

When it comes to pass late in life that a woman's house is left unto her desolate, her husband gone, her children scattered, there is often a wish on the part of the children that their mother should give up her home and live with one of them, or spend her time by turns in their homes. On the surface this plan has advantages. Mother will be saved labour and expense. The children and the grandchildren will be delighted to have her company. She will be in each household a privileged guest. Eleanor may entertain her for a year and William have her for another, and Emily receive her for a third. Her last years of life will be made easy and comfortable. Put to the proof, Eleanor's husband may not be

altogether satisfied to have the privacy of his married life invaded, and his ways may jar on Eleanor's mother. William's wife, admirably practical, may try to shape the life of William's mother according to notions of her own, while the young people under Emily's roof may not be considerate or unselfish and may let their grandmother see that her thoughts and ideas are not theirs.

Keep your home, dear mother, if you possibly can, and let your children come to you. The plainest shelter that belongs to you is a better choice than the most luxurious resting place in a home that is not yours. In your own house or your own small apartment you are free to do as you please, and this you will never be if you dwell in another household.



Chime, solemn bells of Easter !
The shadows flee away,
And all the earth is smiling
In the glory of the day.

Ring, tender bells of Easter !
Beyond our toil and tears,
There wait for all the faithful
Heaven's long and happy years.



ORE and more we are drifting into the general current which makes Lent a welcome feature in our busy life. Falling as it does in that part of the calendar which has been signalized by an intense and absorbing activity it gives us an opportunity to stop and think, to lay aside some of our social excitements, and to cultivate the inner life. Whether or not we call ourselves by the name of a particular denomination

or subscribe to a positive creed, deep down in all our hearts there is a want which cannot be satisfied except by the hand of Almighty God. We are religious by right of our humanity. We may or may not voice our petitions alike, but in the great crises of life our imperative need is for divine help and comfort, and when Lent comes we feel the impact of aspirations, hopes and purposes that are beyond this transient sphere of being.

In the cities churches are open during Lent for brief services at noontide, and often one sees the business man, the working girl, the woman of fashion, the mourner in her sombre robes, and the day labourer, united by a common interest, turning aside and entering the place where the prayers and hymns of the ages give the day a bit of cheer.

Lent affords an interval of rest to those who are jaded and weary; it excuses us from merely social engagements, and enlists thousands in altruistic endeavours. The poor and the sick have reason to be grateful for the penitential days that mean for them much thoughtful kindness and some alleviation of the tedium of their lives. From Ash Wednesday to Good Friday we may if we will, in some sort, go into retreat from the world, shake off its dust, compromise with its care, and seek the

blessedness of heaven. Swiftly after the gloom of Good Friday, with its memories of the Cross, follows Easter Day with its memories of the Crown.

The coronation of Christendom is expressed in the phrase, "I am the resurrection and the life." From choirs and organs, lofty cathedrals, little chapels, and assemblies of children in school, on week days and Sundays, the Easter music will have this burden, and sends forth exultant chords. The characteristic of our Easter music is triumph. Victory over death is the key-note of Easter. Everything in nature adds emphasis to this motive. A few weeks ago whole forests showed their tracery of bough and twig without a single leaf. The fields were hidden under the snow, or showed brown patches of stubble in corners where the snow had melted. There was an aspect of austerity and silence in the familiar landscape. As if Nature were waiting for something to happen, she withdrew herself from sight, and dwelt in mystery and reserve. No reticence equals that of Nature in a mood of withdrawal and retirement. How it has come about, so imperceptible, yet so swift are the stages we can hardly explain. But earth has felt an elemental thrill. The passion of reproduction is upon her; Nature throwing off her apparent lethargy is full of eager haste to

clothe woods and thickets, orchards and uplands with beauty and bloom ; birds are flying back in countless numbers, the miracle of Spring is again repeated before our eyes. It is Eastertide in the world, and every grass blade, leaf, violet, wind-flower, and dancing brook, sings to the self-same tune the glorious declaration of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life." When Easter comes again one feels like repeating Mary Lathbury's happy poem,

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving,
Labour or sorrow ?
Look to your looms again.
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it, room.

Yes, life's in the loom, the springing life of the fields, the joy over birth, the hope and the pledge of waving harvests yet to be. The synonym of Easter is abundant life. During the year that has glided by since last we exchanged our Easter greetings we have had diverse experiences in our homes. On one thing we may always count with confidence, and that is on the certainty of change

in this life of ours. Nor is this a matter for regret. Without change there might be stagnation. Growth imperiously requires change; so does development. The baby in the cradle is our pride, but heaven help us if he remained a baby forever. The child of seven is not the lisping toddler of two, nor is the girl of fourteen what she was at seven. We are children of yesterday and heirs of to-morrow, and to-day is given us that in it we may change for the better. From some of our homes death has taken our very nearest and dearest. The earth life is lonely. Our feet turn often on the sad pilgrimage to the grave that covers a form that once made part of our daily sunshine.

Nevertheless, as we carry our flowers to church and make beautiful chancel and altar, as we leave them in the cemetery or set them before the portraits of those who are gone, we are not without comfort and not without hope. Those who have gone are indeed beyond our sight, but they are living and loving still, and many a time their presence may be with us although we know it not.

In Rudyard Kipling's marvellous story entitled "They" the touch of reality blends with the sweet illusiveness of poetic thought, when the children come back to play in the garden as they were wont to do, and a little phantom hand brushes the

father's own. Few households have not felt the pang that comes when little children die.

The death of a little child leaves a vacancy, an aching sense of loss in a household that is quite apart from and in contrast with the sorrow that follows the death of one who has lived a long life and is gathered to his fathers. So many possibilities are bound up in the very thought of childhood. When the mother loses her infant she loses far more than the happiness of the present moment, more than the little head pillowed against her breast, more than any one but a mother can weigh. All the sweet days that were coming, the music of the first broken speech, the joyous patter of little feet, the school days, the hopes for the future are laid away in little graves that make only a short bed beneath the daisies.

When death comes suddenly to a child, as it sometimes comes, the silence that falls on the home, the arrest of movement and the hush of childish appeal, are for the time appalling. How are fathers and mothers to go on living when they have laid their darling out of their sight under the sod? We have been told that the long invalidism of Mrs. McKinley dated from the deaths of her little children.

I remember standing beside a small casket in

which rested the form of a tiny babe, not quite three months old. The young father stood at its head looking down at the little still face in its sculptured peace, and I have never forgotten the heartache in his eyes. "How will she bear it?" he said to me. But it was she, the bereaved mother, who put her grief away to comfort her husband in his first great sorrow.

If we recognized the right of the Lord to the little ones He loves, His right to take them early from earthly guardianship to a heavenly inheritance, His right to lift them gently into the realm of endless joy and beauty, we can but accept His will, even here as best.

The little ones who stay must inevitably endure pain, illness, disappointment and trial, for this is the common lot. The little ones who go have fought their last battle, suffered their last pang and forever are safe in the presence of the Lord. In the home to which they have gone they will grow in grace and beauty, and a day will come when the parents shall find them again, when the broken circle shall be reunited, and there shall be unspeakable gladness and the deepest content.

"Who plucked this flower?" said the gardener. The answer was, "The Master." And the gardener held his peace.

If the Master in the fullness of His love shall gather a flower from one of our earthly gardens, what else can we do but hold our peace? Although it may seem in the anguish of bereavement that there can be no agony so terrible and no desolation so dark, observation and experience alike prove that there is more consolation in the death of a little child than there is ever granted to those who bend beneath the crushing weight of a living grief. Children of exquisite beauty and wonderful promise have grown up and wandered far from the safety and purity of the early home. As between pressing a kiss on the cold brow of a little sleeper and putting away the little toys and the little clothes that shall be needed no more, and beholding a child of love and prayer staining his manhood with sin and falling into consequent degradation, there is certainly no comparison. Parents who have wildly rebelled and stormed the gates of heaven with prayer for the recovery of a child from illness have lived to regret that the lad had not been taken in childhood from the evil to come. For any of us, in whatever stress of trial we are, there is but one path of wisdom, the path of resignation to the Divine Will. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," said the ancient patriarch

in the hour of his calamity. There is nothing more modern than the Book of Job. It answers over the ages to the heart's cry of those who yesterday dropped their tears beside the latest vacant chair. Let no one lament, hopelessly, the loss of a little child. The child has but gone to the upland pastures where the Good Shepherd takes the tenderest care of His little flock.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

" 'Shall I have naught that is fair?' said he,
'Naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

"He gazed on the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

" 'My Lord hath need of these flowers gay,'
The reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

" 'They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.'

"And the mother gave, with tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
But she knew she would find them all again
In the fields of light above.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away."

The heart's core of Easter is in its pledge of ever-renewed life, of ever-conquered death. Not a little flower that gems the turf, nor a bird that sings from the bough, not a garland that is made upon a new-made grave but speaks a word of the love that never forgets the children of men. We can bear the separations of earth if we realize in personal experience that they are temporary, and that beyond the parting and the meeting, beyond the waking and the sleeping, beyond the sowing and the reaping we shall find love, rest and home.

Eastertide should not only comfort us in our losses and assist us to bear our crosses. It should as well heighten our joy in the present life. There is so much joy in the growth of children, in the pleasure of the young people, in the fulfillments of middle age and in the serenity of the old that it should give us an impulse to nobler effort in the life we are living now.

Let the home shelter faithful souls, indifferent to hardship, imitating the pattern set by the Christ when He was in the world, and striving together for the coming of His Kingdom, and be it lofty or lowly, it shall be secure and blest.

“Until the day break and the shadows flee away,” the home of constancy, simplicity and true love will continue to be earth’s finest ante-type of heaven.

THE END

18.

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